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NOTES.

THE bombardment of Matanzas comes to justify our predictions. The American warships stood in to about 3000 yards range of the Spanish batteries, that is, practically within rifle-shot; yet the Spanish gunners were unable to claim a single hit on those big targets the "New York" and her consorts. Of course, the "Puritan's" 12-inch guns were too much for the ordnance in the batteries, the heaviest of which were 8-inch; but 8-inch shells would be sufficiently effective at 3000 yards if competent artillerymen served the guns. The Spanish shells nearly all fell short; the American gunners appear to have made excellent practice, and nothing more.

It is a mistake to suppose, with Mr. Phelps, that the Cuban insurgents are merely a crew of half-breeds and niggers. Their leaders have been, and are, composed of men of old Cuban families of pure Spanish descent, and till they joined the insurgents of considerable wealth. Such was Cespedes, a rich planter, with whom as President the Cuban Republic was proclaimed in 1869, when Marshal Prim was on the point of concluding a bargain with Secretary Fish to cede Cuba to the United States for a sum of money. Nor, although the Insurrection—or rather General Weyler's savage mode of repression—is partly responsible, is the general poverty of the once wealthy Cuban planters entirely caused by the action of the army and the rebels. The fall began long before, with the freeing of the slaves; for the negro, when free to idle, refuses to work. Coolies were tried as labourers, but with much less success than in Barbados or Trinidad. The fall in sugar and tobacco accentuated the depression; but of course the extortion and tyranny of a crowd of greedy Spanish officers and officials who came out to Cuba simply to fill their pockets are really the *causa causans*. The maintenance of the rebellion itself is due to the Spanish officials, who regard a state of disturbance as a first-rate opportunity for peculation. There is little doubt that, thanks to the same officials, the new fortifications, guns, and all preparations for defence in Cuba and also in Porto Rico will be found wanting when the Americans attack in earnest.

It is worth remembering that the Cubans are the early Spanish settlers, and in Cuba, the earliest of Spain's acquisitions in the New World, and now nearly her last, the aboriginal inhabitants, the Caribs, were most cruelly ill-used and at last exterminated by their Spanish masters. The indignation with which the rough English seamen regarded these atrocities is known to every student of Hakluyt, and in its deep seriousness is interesting to compare with the interested hysterics of the United States to-day. It must be remembered that the Elizabethan privateersmen had to

avenge the Indians' wrongs on well-armed adversaries, who out-numbered them twenty to one, and were in the hey-day of their power and wealth. To-day America's action, unfortunately, we do not say justly, suggests the attitude of a huge and boastful bully attacking an effete and gentlemanly old roué, with whom one cannot help sympathising in spite of his sins, especially when the bully, not content with thrashing his feeble old opponent and stripping him of his valuables, bellows out with tears and protestations that he does it unwillingly and with the highest moral purpose. The impression is deepened by the fact that the gentlemanly and dignified Spaniard fearlessly meets his big and blustering opponent, though without a reasonable hope of repulsing him.

The opinion of the House of Commons on any question may generally be regarded as typical of opinion of the English people as a whole on any question. All shades are represented, and curiously enough it is found that sentiments are divided almost on the lines of political parties. Take for an instance the present Spanish-American war. As perhaps might be expected from a party that derives its intellectual nourishment mainly from the hysterical utterances of the "Daily Chronicle," the Liberals, almost to a man, are unanimous in favour of the United States. The Conservatives, perhaps because superior advantages of education and position have made them more impartial, more cynical too, no doubt, in their outlook on life, number as many adherents of the Spanish cause as of the American. In any question that can possibly be viewed from the standpoint of party politics the Englishman loses all individuality and follows his party into the Lobby with the stupid ovine instinct of a flock that trot after the bell-wether through the gap.

The Yankees seem eager to give the world early and full knowledge of the blackguardly character of their war with Spain. In seizing the "Buenaventura" before even the time fixed by themselves for the earliest possible outbreak of hostilities had expired, they not only outraged the most elementary principles of justice, but also showed themselves to be canting hypocrites of the very first water. After the conclusion of the Declaration of Paris, the Governments which were parties to it tried to get the assent of all other civilised Governments, and they succeeded, except with the United States, Spain and Mexico. The United States gave, as their lofty reason for declining to sign such a half-hearted attempt at humanitarianism, that they really could not allow their representatives to sign a document of this nature which did not ordain the entire abolition of the capture of private property at sea, except as regarded contraband of war and breach of blockade. The rest of the world was left in a state of grovelling admiration of the high-minded Republic

across the Atlantic; Washington meant that effete and barbarous Europe should be properly ashamed of itself. The seizure last week of the trading vessel off Kay West looks odd in the light of this Pecksniffian virtue.

The American Eagle, in bronze, always looks candidly over its right shoulder. The American patriot has the superior gift of facing and screeching both ways. In the mass he assures us that he has drawn the sword in the cause of humanity and Christian civilisation. Last week, in the person of the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Navy, he announced an intention to enlist Sioux Indians! The other day, we are informed, one of our most prominent Bishops received a telegraphic request from the "New York Herald" for an episcopal benediction on the arms of the United States. The intervention, his Lordship was assured, would be warmly received at the Throne of Grace. While this pathetic business was going on, another American patriot was suggesting that prisoners taken on board Spanish ships should be added to the starving masses in Cuba. By such means, this humanitarian argued, the island might be the more quickly subjugated!

"Heroic folly" were the words which M. Henri Rochefort used to describe the action of the United States in the Cuban business. But Mr. Joseph Cowen, whose vigorous voice is not heard so often as we were wont to hear it in the olden time, sees more of the truth than the French "intransigent." In the "Newcastle Chronicle" he describes it as "not humanitarianism in heroics but hypocrisy in hysterics." This is much more accurate, and it applies with odd propriety to Mr. Michael Davitt's telegram to M. Rochefort imploring him to vindicate the French nation by saying a word on behalf of the United States. Of course no one expected the Irish Nationalists to do anything else but back the Americans in their latest development in the art of filibustering. Just as it is absurd to expect any one to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, so it is absurd to expect a political party to turn off the tap whence the subscriptions flow that keep it going. But all the same we thank Mr. Joseph Cowen for the phrase which describes so well, not only the Sugar-Trust-cum-Free-Silver gentlemen in the United States, but also their Nationalist champions on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in the last issue of the journal sacred to his effusions, declared that the Irish Nationalists had left no stone unturned in order to secure for America the support of the Press of Europe. They have been singularly unsuccessful in their interested mission, for it is not to be denied that throughout Europe the conduct of the Americans in the Cuban business has so far excited mainly contemptuous derision.

Opinion in England is beginning to range itself on the side of those who view the recent conduct of the United States, not only with dislike, but with apprehension. Alone in the English Press at the outset we gave expression to this view. The "more sober" journals which express English opinion contented themselves for a time with an attitude of cold neutrality, and only the hysterics of the "Daily Chronicle," and the faddism of the "Star," could afford any ground for the belief in the United States that English feeling is on their side. Now, most English papers, when they are not jeering at Yankee brag over the capture of a few trading schooners and ocean tramps, do not conceal their disapproval of American policy. Whatever may be thought in Washington, in England we have not forgotten what happened during the Venezuela affair, nor more recently the conduct of the United States with regard to the Behring seal fishery question. The sudden effusion of friendliness towards England during the past fortnight, so far from being grateful to us, fills us rather with a sense of indecent humbug, whilst the action of the Senate last week in promptly voting the half million dollars due to Great Britain under the Behring Sea award, which ought to have been paid long ago, savours strongly of the methods of the political boss who is accustomed to gain support by bribes. Whatever hysterical hypocrisy may declare, there is no real friendliness as yet in England towards the Union.

The "Correspondence Respecting the Affairs of China," which we discuss at length elsewhere, has deepened the anxiety with which Parliament and the people are watching events in the Far East. Ministers, who accepted the assurances of Russia so readily, have no reassurances for England. On Monday, in the House of Commons, Mr. Brookfield repeated our questions about Wei-hai-Wei. Do the Government intend to relieve the Japanese garrison at that place? Do they propose to make Wei-hai-Wei a naval base proper, with a military garrison, or to regard it only as an anchorage for the Fleet? "No statement," answered Mr. Balfour, "can at present be made as to the intentions of Her Majesty's Government."

At the moment of writing, in short, ours seems to be a Cabinet of No Intentions. Why it acquired Wei-hai-Wei must remain a mystery until these lines are published. There will have been a debate in the House by that time. Perhaps it will be a mystery even then. The Government apparently do not mean to equip the place with a garrison and a dockyard; therefore we cannot assume it to be potentially a military and naval base. They have avowed that no railway from it into the interior is to be built; therefore it is to be of no use in commerce, and the Peking Syndicate, which has acquired the great coal-field in Shansi, has now no prospects which can be called bright. Admiral Colomb suggests that perhaps we have acquired Wei-hai-Wei now, in time of peace, in order that we may be free to use it, despite the neutrality of China, when we are at war with Russia. This unfortunately looks like special pleading in behalf of the Government. Were we at war with Russia, Wei-hai-Wei as it stands would be of no use to us whatever.

Our Foreign Office seems to be anxious to conciliate Germany. In the Imperial Diet on Wednesday Herr von Bülow, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced that of their own accord the Government of England had given an assurance that Wei-hai-Wei would "not be used in order to interfere in the sphere of our political and commercial interests." This statement was confirmed by Mr. Balfour on Thursday. Her Majesty's Ministers would have been better employed had they sought ratification of the assurances on which Germany was allowed to enter Kiao-Chiao. The promise of Germany then was quite different from her project now. Then Kiao-Chiao was to be a purely commercial port managed on Free Trade principles. Now Germany intends to establish a monopoly of mining and railway enterprise, and that not only in the environs of her new port but also throughout the whole province of Shantung. Import duties will be a trivial detail after that. Amazing as it may seem, our Government assented, in anticipation, to the whole of the annexation project which Germany concealed under her apparently harmless wish for a port from which to help in the commercial civilisation of China. The unsought assurance from England which the German Minister confirmed on Wednesday was published some little time ago in the "Imperial Gazette." It was to the effect that this country "has no intention of calling in question German rights or interests in the province of Shantung," and "no intention of laying down railway communications with the interior from Wei-hai-Wei or from the territory which appertains to that port."

It did not need the publication of the Chinese Blue Book to convince any one who has followed current politics at all closely that Lord Salisbury has few scruples in making statements that have no justification in fact, and is as weak-kneed in diplomatic controversy as Sir Nicholas O'Connor. But we were all inclined to give him credit for the straightforwardness of the average man. We fear that we shall soon have to abandon even this much of belief in him. It will be remembered that towards the end of February, at the close of a long evening in the House of Commons, Sir Charles Dilke put a question to Mr. Chamberlain with regard to a rumoured invasion by French troops of British territory in West Africa, the answer to which created a great sensation at the time. It amounted to

this; that there appeared to be good foundation for the report. This was sufficiently alarming; but more alarming still was the answer which the Colonial Secretary in his most solemn manner gave to Mr. Dalziel, who, at a venture, inquired whether he had any further information. Mr. Chamberlain then read a telegram he had received from Colonel Pilcher to the effect that a French force of four officers and one hundred men had entered British territory East of the Niger and South of the Say-Barua line.

Lord Salisbury took the earliest opportunity to administer a public snub to Mr. Chamberlain; and, in order that it should be unmistakable, on the very next day, unasked, he read to the House of Lords a telegram from our Ambassador at Paris stating that M. Hanotaux had no knowledge of the proceedings: that there were "no French troops in that region." But Mr. Chamberlain is not, like Mr. Arthur Balfour, behindhand in his information. Only a few days had elapsed when M. Hanotaux communicated to the French papers the fact that, regrettably enough, one French officer and a few men had been as far as Argungu in British territory. Lord Salisbury was thus made to look rather foolish in his feeble endeavour to score off Mr. Chamberlain; and the accuracy of the original information received by Mr. Chamberlain has meanwhile been confirmed in private letters received from West Africa. Accordingly, on Thursday week, Sir Charles Dilke gave notice of a question inquiring how matters really stood with regard to this French expedition, and whether any further information had been received from the French Government "since the declaration of Lord Salisbury on the 22 February that that Government did not believe the news to be true . . . and that there were no French troops in the region." A strange thing then happened. In all this Monday's papers there appeared a telegram, purporting to come from Niger territory, in which it was stated that "the expedition sent by the Niger Company towards Argungu to repel, if necessary, the French advance across the Niger has returned. The officers report that erroneous rumours arose in consequence of French troops on the western bank." Now, did not the telegram arrive at a wonderfully convenient time for Lord Salisbury?

Considering the constitution of the House of Commons, it is not matter for great surprise that the motion to disallow the vote of a North Western Railway director on a North Western Railway Bill should have been rejected by a large majority. But, as the personnel of the House is likely to remain permanently pretty much what it is at present, it is obviously necessary, if Parliament desires to maintain its self-respect and high reputation, that the scandal of allowing Members to vote as directors of a company in which they are pecuniarily interested, instead of as national representatives, should be made impossible by a Standing Order. It was laid down as a rule of the House in 1664 that Members should not vote in such circumstances; but this wholesome old rule has been flagrantly ignored in recent years, the North Western Railway Company being by far the most conspicuous offender. Two or three years ago, in consequence of repeated abuse of parliamentary privilege in this way by a North Western director in the House, a Select Committee was appointed to examine into the question of personal interest, but nothing came of it. The matter should be agitated again.

The Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill passed its Second Reading on Monday. The minority was only 80, against 229; but the measure was contested with much cogency. Notably, one of the points in Mr. Carson's able speech was quite unanswerable. Why was Ireland excluded from the scope of the Bill? We fear that Mr. Carson's rhetorical explanation was too true. The Government excluded Ireland from dread of the Irish Members. In other words, the authors of the Bill do not believe that the measure would be helpful to prisoners in Ireland. Criminal prisoners are in many cases habitually criminal. If they were allowed to give evidence, and made liable to cross-examination, prosecuting counsel, as Mr. Carson said, would pre-

judice the cases by revealing the bad records of the persons accused. The exclusion of Ireland from the scope of the measure is unjustifiable. Indeed, it is a Separatist expedient. In Ireland, as in England and in Scotland, an Act framed on the principles of the Bill would either promote justice by the conviction of more prisoners, or achieve the same end by the conviction of fewer. Thus, either the exclusion of Ireland is a slur upon the character of Irish prisoners as a class, and a weak concession to their representatives in Parliament; or it is a wilful withholding from Ireland of a boon conferred upon the other parts of the United Kingdom, and a just cause of grievance to the Nationalists.

Still, the debate on the Criminal Evidence Bill was on the whole satisfactory, and it is now certain that this session will at last see the question settled on the basis of common sense. Those who regard our Criminal system as the perfection of human wisdom will still profess to deplore the substitution of a sensible and straightforward procedure for the artificial legal subtlety in accordance with which in England alone, of all countries of the world, the man charged with an offence is not permitted to give his version of the facts on which he is charged. Much time was wasted in debating whether the new system would "favour the prisoner" or not. Might we remind the critics that our courts are not intended for "favouring" either prosecutors or prisoners, but for ascertaining the truth, and regarded from that simple point of view, the existence of a system by which the man who knows most about the case is not allowed to tell what he knows is a monstrous absurdity.

Ireland almost monopolises the time of the House of Commons just now, but there is no life in the debates. The only little spark of passion was kindled by one of those incredibly unguarded and unhappy remarks which Mr. Gerald Balfour is occasionally betrayed into. In some respects an abler, and certainly a much more industrious and painstaking man than his brother, the Chief Secretary yet utterly lacks that tact and charm which endear Mr. Arthur Balfour even to his opponents. The debate on the distress in Connemara and West Mayo was quite uncalled for. It was wanted by nobody except by self-advertising John Dillon; indeed, it was only through a mistake on the Speaker's part that it was allowed to come on. A few smooth words from the Chief Secretary, and an assurance that he would keep an eye on the Irish Local Government Board (which, as it happens, is doing the work of relief exceptionally well for an Irish Board) would have closed the discussion, but Mr. Gerald Balfour must needs develop an argumentative and rasping criticism of the local conditions in Mayo, tell the people that it was their "uncleanly habits" that caused a high rate of mortality, and remark that he could not be expected to provide them with champagne and send them to the Riviera for the winter.

It says much for the torpor that has fallen on the Irish parties that, beyond wasting the best part of the night, this foolish gibe produced no permanent effect on the Parliamentary situation. The Local Government debate opened on Tuesday night, and the Bill is slipping through with unexpected ease and speed. Five clauses, many of them of a highly controversial character, were got through before the House rose on Thursday night, the collapse of the threatened opposition from the Irish Orangemen and the mildness of the Nationalist criticism being the two most striking features of the debate. The question of the illiterate vote was raised on Wednesday, and undoubtedly the feeling of the House was that something should be done to abate a nuisance and a scandal introduced by an incautiously worded section of the Ballot Act a quarter of a century ago. We do not believe that (leaving out the blind) there are a score of voters in any Irish constituency who could not spell out the name of their candidate on the ballot paper, but under the guidance of truculent political priests of the kind made familiar by the Meath Election Petition they come up in platoons and declare themselves "illiterate," so that their votes have to be recorded practically in public. It is an impudent evasion of the Ballot Act,

but the question must be dealt with as a whole. It cannot be taken up simply as a County Council's Bill.

Mr. Turner, the new Suffragan-Bishop of Bedford, is a quiet, thoughtful man of the type of Bishop Jackson, whose resident chaplain he formerly was. It is safe to say that he will not impress the general public, having few gifts of eloquence, personality, or "go;" but he is a thorough man of business, with a gift of management, and will be popular among the clergy and those with whom he is brought into near relation. It is not stated at the time of writing whether he is to take the rectory of St. Andrew Undershaft, held by the late Bishop Billing. Mr. Turner is himself possessed of private means; but we imagine he will go to St. Andrew's, since it is understood that a portion of the large income of that church is paid to the Bishop of Stepney.

The name of "Undershaft" is said to be derived from the maypole which formerly stood before the church, and out-topped the tower. The odd "surnames" of the City parishes are not always so simple of explanation. St. Benet "Sherehog" has nothing to do with the shearing of pigs, as might be supposed; it is referred by some to the name of an ancient benefactor, by others to "shear-haw," *i.e.* the shorn or well-mown churchyard. St. Nicholas "Cole-Abbey," is still a puzzle: it is thought to be "cold-harbour;" St. Mary "Woolnoth" was near the wool exchange; St. Mary "Aldermary" is the older Mary, older than the neighbouring St. Mary-le-bow. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Germany and Belgium have secured an extension of time in the matter of the treaties which were denounced last year and will expire shortly. The avowed object of the delay is to enable the contracting parties to negotiate satisfactory substitutes. The real object, we imagine, is Germany's pretensions to equality of treatment in British Colonies with Great Britain herself. During the temporary arrangements which have now been agreed upon Germany undertakes to extend the most favoured nation treatment to Great Britain so long as Great Britain returns the compliment, plus the right of German exports to enter British Colonies on the same terms as British exports. That condition she seeks to make a permanent one. It should however be pointed out emphatically, once and for all, that Germany must be denied this privilege. From Mr. Balfour's answer to Sir Stafford Northcote on Tuesday, we take it that the Foreign Office has now made that point clear. British Colonies are anxious to give Great Britain some preference in their markets, and Germany cannot any longer be allowed to compel them to treat the mother country as a foreign land.

The possibility of the acclimatisation of Europeans in tropical Africa is a question of great commercial and political importance, upon which experience has hitherto been very discouraging. For example, according to the last Colonial Office report upon Lagos the European population in 1896 numbered 150, all men in the prime of life, who had been medically certified before entering upon their short term of service. Nevertheless in that year twenty-eight died in Lagos, and many others were invalided home. In face of such statistics it is not surprising that the prevailing opinion is pessimistic, and it is all the more gratifying to hear from two such authorities on tropical diseases as Dr. Manson and Dr. Sambon that the future prospects of African colonisation are hopeful. They hold that the three diseases that do the mischief are malaria, dysentery, and hæmaturia, which are all due to organisms; that therefore, if we could only discover the life-history of the organisms, we could find some means of controlling the diseases. The African travellers present all declined to be comforted by such theoretical considerations. But, as Dr. Manson pointed out, elephantiasis has been removed from the list of tropical scourges by the discovery of the life-history of the *Filaria* which causes it.

The home truths spoken by some members of the deputation which waited on Mr. Balfour on Thursday ought to stiffen the back of the Government in the

forthcoming Sugar Bounties Conference. Mr. Balfour frankly admitted that the bounties are an unnatural and arbitrary interference with free trade. It is true he made the too general mistake of assuming that exceeding great benefits flow from cheap sugar, and he paid less heed to the serious fact that the bounties have gone far to ruin industries at home and in the Colonies than an impartial survey would warrant. If the mischief which the bounties cause were not greater than the advantages they secure, it is to be presumed the British Government would not be so eager to bring about their abolition.

Those who suggest that the proud and pathetic words employed by the Queen Regent of Spain in addressing the Cortes last week were worthy of Charles V. or Philip II. open up an interesting subject for historical speculation. In Queen Christina's veins as a matter of fact, as a short correspondence in the "Times" has shown, flows the blood of those monarchs, and round her to-day Spain is being marshalled to defend the Empire, or rather the remnant of the Empire, of Philip II. In an essay published some years ago, Mrs. Cunninghame Graham pointed out that in Spain one might fall asleep and dream that Philip II. still reigned. The Spaniards, she says, formed their opinions in his reign and have stuck to them ever since. She wonders whether, had the temper of the Spanish people been less exclusive, Spain would not have been the preponderant world-power to-day. Spain apparently learns nothing and forgets nothing. Even the leisurely methods which mark her preparation for the conflict with America recall those of Medina Sidonia, the Admiral of Philip II.'s invincible Armada.

Through the death of Colonel Sir Vivian Dering Majendie the country loses a public servant of unflinching courage. In his earlier years he fought with distinction in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny; but it is in respect of his work under the Home Office that he will be remembered. As Chief Inspector of Explosives, he had, especially while the Irish Nationalist movement had not yet been directed into Constitutional channels, to perform deeds of daring from which most heroes of the battlefield would flinch. He was never known to show fear of an infernal machine, and, indeed, would quietly go his ways with a bomb-shell in his pocket. His frank and genial disposition, added to his capacities as a good "all-round" sportsman, gave him a wide and well-deserved popularity.

The Westminster Exploiting Scheme has been ignominiously dismissed this week by the House of Commons, the majority against it being four to one. The arguments advanced in our columns for refusing to close with so poor a bargain were repeated in the House, and doubtless had their effect. But the newspapers which, generally speaking, saw no harm in the scheme, attribute the rejection to the lobbying tactics of its promoters, and seem rather pleased that the House acted on this semi-personal motive and not on the rights of the case. The Government had no views on the matter.

When a man of letters finds himself involved in litigation, he does not insist upon conducting his own case. It is a pity that Mr. Asquith did not retain some man of letters to plead for him "On Criticism" last Saturday. In a Law Court he is worth listening to, but even his Parliamentary speeches, happily rare, seem quite brilliant in comparison with the flatulent mediocrity of his address to the University Extensionists. Did Mr. Asquith really suppose that he had anything to say about Criticism that had not often been said far better than he could say it? And did he suppose that, by telling the students, in his peroration, that "however much they did for the extension of the boundaries of knowledge, or for the widening of common enjoyment, there still lay before them that unknown world whose margin faded away in the distance for ever and ever (loud cheers)," he was making exposition of anything but the barrenness of his own mind and the commonness of his own style?

THE AMERICAN BRAGGART.

ON Monday we learned that the torpedo-boat "Cushing" had started from Key West for Havana. On Thursday we heard that the vessel had been placed on the retired list, hopelessly disabled. The authoritative explanation from Washington is that the officer in charge tried to "show off the capabilities" of his little craft, with the result that the machinery went to pieces, and the "Cushing" ceases to count. The little incident is typical of most of the prodigious events telegraphed from across the Atlantic during the last few weeks. Everybody, from the President to the "yellow" journalist, has been showing off his capabilities, and the result has been a wonderful noise, with no practical result. We should, perhaps, make one exception, for Mr. Sherman woke up suddenly in the midst of the clamour, and, realising that he was out of place as Secretary of State, with no capabilities to show off, quietly accepted the hint that a successor was ready for his post. The Secretary for War began by "showing off" with an order for we don't know how many hundred thousand men to "knock the Spaniards crazy" in one engagement, with the result that the War Office is in "hopeless confusion." Less than 18,000 men are ready, the volunteers are "coming in very slowly," and when they do come in there are no officers to drill them, and there is not the slightest hope of any such expedition being in readiness to start for Cuba before the autumn. It is little wonder that people who believe in Mr. Edison and his vulgar bragging are beginning to wonder what it all means, and the "Daily Chronicle's" correspondent notices a "decided tendency to scoff" in some quarters, while in others there are scares that are "neither dignified nor reasonable." But what, in the name of dignity and reason, did he expect? From the first stage of this blackguardly business the demeanour of the blatant section of the American people has been such as would have disgraced Greece in her last year's campaign.

What the result of it all would be if Spain shewed any capacity to take advantage of American incapacity it is hard to say. At present there seems no hope of prompt or vigorous action in that quarter, and so the valorous Americans are left to wrestle with the situation. The latest indications seem to point in the direction of the landing of a few thousand men on some unprotected part of the Cuban coast with a supply of arms and ammunition for the insurgents. Wednesday's "bombardment" of Matanzas pointed in the direction of such a move; but unless the American squadron is absolutely assured of the mastery of the sea such a step would be highly perilous, for United States regulars would have to be fed and doctored and reinforced from the ships, or they would simply cease to be. Fever and hunger would dispose of them without necessity for interference from Marshal Blanco. The move, in a word, would be simply another development of the policy of "showing off," of making a bang of some sort to please the Gallery and fill the newspapers without exercising any real effect on the course of the war. This would explain most of the manoeuvres in which the fleet has indulged since it sailed from Key West. At Matanzas a couple of United States cruisers lying out of the range of the small Spanish land batteries fired shells into the earthworks for half an hour on Wednesday. This "great battle," in which one side could not strike, appears to have led to absolutely no result. The telegrams of course speak of the "great Spanish losses;" but, as no correspondent ventures to assert that he saw a single dead Spaniard, the statement may go for what it is worth. And when the engagement was over, the land batteries having fired in all twenty-five shots, none of which reached the ships, the American cruisers "stood out to sea." Truly a curious way of treating an enemy which, according to the rules, should have been "crazy with fear"! To shell earthworks from a distance of two miles and then to sail away without sending off a landing party to complete the work of destruction does not testify to an overwhelming victory. A night's work with pick and spade will repair the damage, and the Spaniards will have had the benefit of an object lesson about the weak points of their works. All this does not bring the Americans a day nearer the

achievement of the very ugly task they have undertaken. We knew that the big guns of the United States' battleships and cruisers could "show off their capabilities" by throwing shells twice as far as the guns of the Spanish shore batteries can shoot; but so long as they are unable to land an efficient army under cover of the guns their labour is in vain—their power ceases with the range of gun-fire.

At sea the Americans are supreme because there is no enemy. "The Spanish fleet they cannot see, because it is not yet in sight." So the reporters give us blood-curdling accounts of the deeds of derring-do accomplished by the flagship and two cruisers in capturing a fishing-smack or in tearing through the waves after an ironclad which turns out to be an Italian cruiser; of the heroic calm displayed by all from admiral to cabin-boy when a general engagement is expected with a New Orleans "tramp," terrific bloodshed being averted at the last moment only by the discovery that the enemy was unprovided with guns. Most of the "prizes" seem to be quite worthless, and many of them will probably have to be released as being effected before hostilities had properly begun, the Spaniards in this respect showing in very favourable contrast with the Americans by refraining from this needless and destructive piracy until the thirty days' grace allowed by the courtesy of civilised nations has enabled peaceful traders to get out of the way of the men-of-war. Indeed, so far from seizing the American schooners lying in Cuban waters, the Spanish gunboats towed them out of harbour, and gave them a good start for home. But then, as we saw last week, poor benighted Spaniards are not gifted with that superfine "moral sense" which elevates all Americans—in their own esteem—so far above the minions of old-world despotism. In the Southern Pacific the situation is a curious one. A small American squadron has been lying at Hong-Kong ready to pounce on Manila at a favourable opportunity. But the British proclamation of neutrality interfered with their arrangements; and in spite of the indignant protests of the American Consul, of the Admiral, and of the "Daily Chronicle" (outraged at the idea that the United States should have to bow to International Law like a common monarchy), the squadron had to clear out before it was quite ready for operations. The result is awkward. America has no coaling station nearer than San Francisco, some 5000 miles away, and two weeks at the outside will exhaust the supply secured at Hong-Kong. The squadron has therefore to achieve some decisive result at Manila within a very short time, or to find itself rendered helpless for want of coal, not to speak of ammunition. There seems to be a fairly respectable Spanish flotilla in Philippine waters; but unless the Spanish captains display more energy in the Pacific than their comrades have shown in the Atlantic, nothing need be expected of them. Still, there is a fairly efficient Spanish force on land at Manila, and even if the American squadron were to arrive there unopposed at sea, there are no men to spare for a landing party, so that the movement must remain barren. The policy of showing off will remain as absurd and ineffective in the Philippines as in the Antilles.

The first steps towards the fulfilment of America's "divine mission" for removing her neighbour's landmarks thus results in chaos and ineptitude. The Cubans, who were badly off before, are now ten times worse off—in consequence of America's valour in seizing defenceless ships laden with food for Cuba. The Spanish garrison at Havana is naturally driven by an elementary instinct of self-defence to seize on all available stores for its own use, and the situation of Cuba is deplorable. America, having made no preparations for completing the task she so arrogantly undertook, has no power to lay the storm she raised. Her finances are disorganized; her "national army" is a mere mob; her navy is heroic in bombarding earthworks from a safe distance. Her statesmen have "shown off their capabilities" as architects of ruin. They have lighted the torch of war without counting the cost or considering how the flame was to be extinguished. She can reduce Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines to anarchy. Has she any means of restoring order or good government?

We said at the outset that this war was a crime against humanity: the Americans themselves seem bent on proving by their incapacity to organize anything like a campaign that it is a hideous blunder as well.

THE CONDITION OF THE SPANISH ARMY.

THE backbone of the Spanish nation is the peasantry as distinguished from the city population; and the backbone of the Spanish army is the peasant-born private soldier as distinguished from the town-bred recruit. Of course the Spanish army in Cuba is not raised on the voluntary system, and considering the wretchedly small pay and the starvation rations, this is not surprising. When one adds that to be sent to Cuba means a probable sentence of death by yellow fever, for hundreds die of fever for one who falls in fight with the insurgents, the wonder is how uncomplainingly the thousands required yearly to fill up the gaps in the ranks go out to their deaths.

Ill-fed and ill-paid (for not only is his pay small, but much of it never reaches him), the Spanish soldier in Cuba patiently and even cheerfully endures the ceaseless hardships of his lot. The men die by scores daily in the yellow-fever season, or, when they return to Spain invalided, return hopeless wrecks. The officers, of course, have their share in the spoils of corruption; a corruption which is really the chief responsible cause of the failure of Spain to put down the insurrection. The men are merely food for powder or the fever. If the possession of Cuba has been for years a financial loss for Spain, while it has made the fortunes of the officials, it has been simply a grave for the Spanish soldier. Still, there is no sign of mutiny or insubordination among the rank and file: there is no grumbling—indeed, the patriotic spirit of the troops leaves nothing to be desired. The Spanish boy-soldier carries a Mauser rifle and 150 cartridge, 50 lbs. weight, without including his food, and thinks nothing of marching thirty miles in *alpargatas* under the sweltering tropical heat.

With the apathy of the Oriental, the Spaniard has not a little of the Oriental's fatalism. Thus he remains extraordinarily abstemious, under conditions that would drive Englishmen into drunkenness, and uncomplaining, where Anglo-Saxons would rise in mutiny.

This is the more remarkable, because the Spaniards are certainly not a homogeneous race like the English; but the people of each province differ in blood, in character and in physique, as considerably as Frenchmen differ from Italians, or even from Englishmen.

At present the army in Cuba is largely recruited by boys in their teens; but in Spain national pride is exceedingly strong. It is quite on the cards that Spain may rise to the occasion, and the flower of the manhood of the nation voluntarily enter the army to carry out the struggle to the bitter end. In this event America would have to cope with a very different force to that which at present opposes invasion in Cuba. The physical difference between the Guardia Civil—the élite of the Spanish soldiery—and the present undersized and boyish linesman in Cuba is very great; and any one well acquainted with the peasantry of the best provinces of Spain knows that a wave of national enthusiasm might send a very superior body of men to the colours.

It is not uninteresting to consider the physique of the men in the provinces whence such recruits would be drawn. The Basques, for example, are a distinct race, with a language of their own—a people of athletes, excelling in ball-play of the most arduous kind, and in long-distance running. They have proved themselves, in the Carlist wars, formidable fighting men. With regiments raised solely in the Basque provinces, with strong provincial feeling superadded to national pride, a Spanish general would have a force of infantry not easy to beat in fight, and difficult to equal anywhere in marching power. Better material for a long and trying campaign you could scarcely find than the athletic Basque, with his great endurance and remarkable activity.

The Navarrese mountaineer is little inferior to the Basque in physique, and the Aragonese, if less of an athlete, is of strong build and of the sternest determination, as was shown in the successful defence of Zaragoza by untrained men against the regular troops

of the great Napoleon. The Catalan, though he has more of the Gascon about him, and is difficult to discipline, has a big frame and fiery courage to recommend him, but we would rank the Basque, the Navarrese, the Aragonese and the big Gothic race of the Castilles and Leon as distinctly superior. Valencians, Murcians and Andalusians are far less valuable recruits, having, with inferior physique, less also of the endurance and resolution of the men of the provinces above named.

But, of course, the great need of Spain—without which the Spanish army can never hope to regain its once splendid reputation—is to find competent officers. Competent officers and a single really able general would quickly transform even the present Spanish army in Cuba into a formidable fighting machine.

The lack of leaders is no new deficiency of the Spanish army. In the great war in the Peninsula England fought side by side with Spain, and the experience of Wellington and his generals was that the incompetency of the Spanish generals neutralised the good qualities of the men. Thus the same race which baffled the French veterans in the heroic defence of Zaragoza uniformly failed to support their English allies in the field.

If Spain, in her extremity, were to find a really great Captain, there is no knowing what her hardy and resolute peasantry, well-drilled, armed and led, might not accomplish. But without a directing brain, without a general, the strength of the peasant backbone of the army will be of little use. One can see plainly that if the leaders of the Spanish army in Cuba display, as is only too probable, the usual incompetency and procrastination, a collapse, as soon as the eager and energetic American comes to grips, is inevitable. The guerilla warfare, for which the Spaniard has certainly shown a genius in the past, cannot be successfully waged in Cuba, for the simple reason that the Cubans are mostly on the side of the invading Americans. In fact, as far as guerilla warfare goes, the insurgents have shown themselves a match for the Spaniards, and, with the aid of a few thousand American riflemen, would be easily superior.

The outlook, then, for Spain is not encouraging. Nor is the difficulty of meeting the Americans, backed by the insurgents, in the field the worst contingency to be faced. More paralyzing by far is the possibility that an effective blockade of Cuba may be maintained by the American fleet till either Havana is reduced by starvation or the Spanish fleet from Cape Verde is forced to risk an engagement, which, against more powerful ships officered by Americans, and as far superior in gunnery as in seamanship, is not likely to prove favourable to Spain. Of course there is a large Spanish force in Cuba, and, provided that food and ammunition hold out, the Americans will not find that they can walk into Havana, as they seem to imagine, as soon as they land a few thousand men.

The Spaniards, it may be observed, have a strain of Moorish or Saracen blood in them, and are like the Turks in the great superiority of their fighting power in the defence of fortifications over their power to repel attack in the field. Had Havana been scientifically fortified, and had a sufficient supply of provisions been provided, the capital of Cuba might prove at least a Plevna. Unfortunately foresight, and careful preparation for probable eventualities, are not the Spaniard's strong points, and it is highly improbable that either the defences of Havana, the batteries or the guns, or the food supply will be found in a state to stand a siege. But although the Spaniards are no match for the Yankees, the boastful self-confidence of the big Republic may have an unexpected check before the inevitable end comes.

INSURANCE AND THE WAR.

THE modern social organism is such a complicated affair, and each part of it is so connected with other parts, that a serious disturbance in one portion of it cannot occur without the effects being quickly felt throughout. Thus the outbreak of war between Spain and America raises many important questions connected with insurance of all sorts. The most obvious branch of the business to be affected is that of marine insurance, the rates for which have been materially increased, and the various circumstances of vessels,

freights and demurrages, as well as the policy of the different countries in regard to neutrality, make the present task of the marine underwriter one of considerable difficulty.

Fire insurance is also liable to be affected by the possible incidents of war. Special rates are being quoted in the States for insurance against risks of bombardment, but it is possible that fires arising out of operations of war might involve extra risk for the fire offices, and consequently extra cost to the policy-holders. In accident insurance, which is more widely adopted in the States than in this country, there are also some knotty problems to solve arising from the active service of policy-holders. During war, sickness or accident is of course inevitable in a large number of cases, and probably the casualty companies will experience a great increase in the amount of their claims in consequence.

On all these points we are seeking information as to the course the companies intend to pursue, and shall probably revert to the subject again. In connexion with life assurance, the course to be adopted is already determined to a large extent, and the effects of the war upon this branch of the business can be more readily gauged. There is but little information available about the Spanish insurance companies, but the great majority of American offices give the right to policy-holders, whose insurance has been in force for some time, to engage in any occupation—military or naval service included—without extra charge and without the claims, if they occur, being subject to any diminution. It remains to be seen how many men the States will require to employ in their conflict with Spain, but it can scarcely be doubted that before the war is finished heavy mortality will be incurred, not so much as the result of wounds received in battle as from the unhealthy climate of Cuba and the effects of exposure and privation there and elsewhere. But even when liberal allowance is made for such contingencies, the effect upon the mortality experience of life offices is not likely to be very appreciable. The estimate formed by the insurance companies themselves may to some extent be gathered from the conditions they are making for new insurers who contemplate active service. The conditions most generally adopted seem to be insurance at ordinary rates, with payment of claims in full in the event of the insured dying from sickness incurred on service, and a deduction of ten per cent. from the sum assured should death result from wounds received while fighting. Considering that such conditions as these are considered adequate, and that the combatants can only form a small proportion of the total policy-holders, it looks as if the increased claims arising from the war will form but a very small percentage of the total claims.

In another way it seems probable that the effect of the war will be beneficial to the insurance companies. For a time American securities are likely to remain at low prices, and in the event of the States experiencing for a time serious reverses at the hands of Spain, it is possible that panic might depreciate prices to a very large extent. This would enable insurance companies, with large sums to invest, to purchase securities on very favourable terms, and when the war is over to realise large profits on investments bought at low prices and held. It is not likely that the permanent value of the best American investments will be adversely affected by the war. The difficulties of transport by sea are nearly certain to result in increased traffic for railways, and although most of the railroads that are of any use for the transport of freight and supplies are charging the Government rates that are too low to be lucrative, the increased traffic is on the whole fairly certain to yield increased profits. It is always difficult to foretell the net result of a complicated state of affairs, and while some industries will be exceptionally busy, it is no less certain that much of the American trade will be adversely affected by the war. Nothing is so bad for business as a state of uncertainty, and development of business will to a large extent be hindered until the war is over, while foreign trade will inevitably diminish. The net result therefore will probably be many temporary losses yielding permanent gain to such investors as insurance companies, who can hold the securities pur-

chased at low prices. It thus looks as though the war would, on the whole, be beneficial to policy-holders in American offices.

The New York Life Insurance Company has taken a step in connexion with the war that is nothing short of scandalous; the Finance Committee has passed a resolution "that in the event of war the New York Life Insurance Company places immediately at the disposal of the United States a loan of \$10,000,000, on such terms as the National Government shall deem just." Now the New York Life does an international business, and policy-holders who paid the Company premiums for life insurance purposes never contemplated that their money should be played with in this lax fashion to further the political aims of Mr. McCall, who is the president of the Company, and who seems to be politician first and insurance president afterwards. More than one-third of the Company's premium income is received from foreign countries other than Canada, and if the Canadian business is reckoned it is probable that very nearly half of the Company's premium income is received from outside the United States. The Company doubtless has many Spanish policy-holders, and certainly many in France, Austria, South America, Mexico and other places where sympathy is entirely with Spain; it also has an extensive business in Great Britain, and here also there are large numbers of people who side with Spain, and would strongly resent money paid for life insurance being lent for the purposes of a war of which they disapprove. Probably the United States Government will not avail themselves of the Company's offer, and certainly the presidents of the other great American companies will not fail in their duty to their policy-holders like president McCall. Mr. McCall's action, following closely upon the application of deferred bonuses for the purpose of changing the valuation basis which we described in a recent issue, must go far to sap the confidence of policy-holders in the management of the New York Life Insurance Company, and, except that policy-holders pay so little attention to such things, it should be next door to impossible for the Company to continue doing an extensive business abroad. Other aspects of the effect of war upon insurance will be dealt with as they become apparent. At present it looks as though both for marine and life insurance companies the net result would be a considerable gain.

(Pressure on our space compels us to hold over the next instalment of "Life Assurance Developments" till next week.—ED. "S. R.")

FINANCE AND THE WAR.

EVENTS in the City since the outbreak of war have once more demonstrated how often experts are wrong in their forecasts, for if one thing seemed certain to the dealers in credit in Lombard Street it was that a five per cent. bank-rate would be the immediate result of hostilities. Nor were the dealers in credit alone in this opinion. The Press as far as it ventured on any forecast was of the same opinion, one Sunday contemporary excepted. Even as late as last Saturday a journal like "The Statist" strongly supported the view of dear money. If we examine the reasons for this extraordinary consensus of mistaken opinion they may be summed up in very few words,—the dealers in credit as well as the writers in the Press underestimated the modern habit of discounting events. The present war has not broken out over-night. It has been talked about for weeks and months, and although business people till the last moment either disbelieved in it or hoped it would be avoided, they all prepared for it in case their belief should turn out wrong or their hopes be disappointed. These preparations would naturally have been confined almost exclusively to the American market, but for one exceptional circumstance. Owing to the enormous increase of American exports since last summer and their large excess over American imports, the United States happened to be creditors of Europe, and especially of England, to an extent variously estimated from fifty to one hundred million dollars, and this money America began to call in. As there were no remittances available in Europe, we had to settle in gold, and these gold

withdrawals, actual and potential, and still more the general inability to estimate their extent, frightened Lombard Street to a degree unknown for years. The dealers in credit, who are probably the shrewdest body of business men in the City, for once fairly lost their heads and failed in their usually accurate forecasts of monetary events. It was only during the course of this week, when the movements of the New York Exchange clearly indicated that the power of America to draw gold from Europe was for the time exhausted, that they took courage and viewed the course of the money market with greater calm and clearer judgment.

We have to bear these movements of the money market in mind if we wish clearly to understand the course of Stock Exchange prices. Ever since the middle of February there has been a decline in quotations to an extent rarely witnessed, certainly unequalled since the Baring crisis. The causes of this decline are various, and if we distinguish clearly between them we shall be able in some measure to forecast the probable course of prices now that war has begun and the first shock is over.

There is firstly the fall in those securities which are directly affected by the war, viz., Spanish and American. These securities will naturally be influenced by the course of events. A Spanish victory would probably not affect much the price of Spanish bonds, though undoubtedly it would lower the quotations for Americans, while a quick American success would be followed by a veritable boom in Yankees, and would probably not do much harm to Spanish bonds.

Then we have to consider the fall in those securities which are not directly affected by the War, but have fallen either in sympathy or because operators who had to meet differences found themselves obliged to part with them. There can be little doubt that these securities will gradually improve again in value. Under this head should be classed Italians, Turks, and above all the South African mines. To this category belong also De Beers, Rio Tintos and Argentines, but they require special notice. De Beers and Tintos may be adversely affected, the former by a slower sale of diamonds, the latter by new taxes on the production of copper in Spain, although the extent of these influences is probably exaggerated. Argentines are certain to be favourably influenced, for the rise in cereals will prove of the highest economic benefit to that country.

Lastly we have to consider the fall in gilt-edged securities, which was owing to dearer money and to fears of monetary tightness. As this fear disappears—and as already stated, it is disappearing—these securities will regain their former quotations. The leading stock of this category—Consols—has already regained the greater part of its recent loss. To this class belong municipal stocks and all Colonial issues, as well as English railways. We must also include Indian securities: but with regard to these it is to be borne in mind that the large Indian loan which is pending will militate against complete recovery. Many leading City men also view with considerable apprehension the expressed intention of the Indian Government to embark on further currency experiments.

To the cases of the collapse of certain outside markets, notably in West Australians, it is unnecessary to allude. What has happened in those instances would probably have come to pass in any case, and has only been accelerated by the recent period of monetary pressure.

On the whole, however, the City of London has, during the last two and a half months, given proof of great financial strength, and although losses have been heavy, the manner in which they have been met has generally encouraged the opinion that business is on a sound basis, and that when once the drift of events is a little clearer we may look forward to a period of renewed and prolonged activity. S.

OUR INCOMPETENT FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE Chinese Blue-book issued last Saturday begins with the appearance at Kiao-Chiao of the German men-of-war "in consequence of the murder of two German missionaries in Shantung province," but the chief interest lies in the narrative of the acquisition of Port Arthur and Talien-wan by Russia, in spite of all

that could be done to prevent it by those unspeakable blunderers, the inexperienced Sir Claude MacDonald in Peking, the weak Sir N. O'Connor in St. Petersburg, and the timid Lord Salisbury in England. Count Mouravieff in St. Petersburg, aided by M. Pavloff, the Russian "chargé d'affaires" in Peking, it is clearly seen, simply played with them as a master of dialectics would with the village idiot. In this, of course, he was also assisted by that notorious bondsman of Russia, Li Hung Chang, "Grand Secretary Li," whose name appears so often in the dispatches. Now it has long been well known that Li Hung Chang and possibly one other member of the Tsung-li-Yamen represent the small minority hostile to England, the other ten or a dozen members being friendly. But we find nowhere any trace that our Government was in the least conscious of that important and well-known fact; nowhere the slightest suspicion that "Grand Secretary Li" might be playing a double game, might not *always* really be representing his Government in the "instructions" which he sent to Sir Chih Chen Lo Feng-luh, the Chinese Ambassador in London. The evidence is strong all through the correspondence that Grand Secretary Li was Count Mouravieff's man.

A month ago we wrote in this journal that it was "almost beyond serious question that Li Hung Chang, when representing the Emperor of China at the coronation of the Tsar, made a secret treaty ceding Port Arthur and Talien-wan to Russia. Li Hung Chang at the time was a discredited man in China, and his sole hope of regaining power was by means of Russian influence. Russian diplomacy was fully equal to the occasion, and instead of the ambassador who was considered suitable to represent China at the funeral of the late Tsar, Russia insisted upon the dispatch of Li Hung Chang. This request was duly complied with, and Li was received with the highest honours at Moscow. It was in the Russian interests to play this game. Had the Chinese Ambassador arrived in Moscow at any less decisive period he would not have been accorded more than the usual honours; but the splendid reception given to Li at that time materially served to rehabilitate him in his former position of power at Peking. The Russians thus bound him hand and foot, and when, as we have reason to believe, Li signed the secret treaty at Moscow at the instance of Prince Lobanoff, to save his own prestige he was afterwards bound to secure the performance of the treaty with his colleagues of the Tsung-li-Yamen." This is entirely borne out by the Official Correspondence. In the matter of the Loan, for instance, who can doubt that it was the hold Russia had over Li that caused the scheme to be abandoned? In document No. 78 Lord Salisbury telegraphs to Sir C. MacDonald that the Chinese Minister had communicated to him a message from Grand Secretary Li, and the Chinese Government had decided not to accept a loan from either Great Britain or Russia in consequence of threat of rupture by the latter power. But can it be believed that neither in this matter of the Loan nor in the matter of the ports does it seem to have occurred to our Foreign Office to inquire whether Grand Secretary Li did, in fact, represent the Chinese Government or only himself? Was the Chinese Ambassador in London ever asked that question by Lord Salisbury, we wonder?

Far the most interesting of the correspondence is that which relates to Port Arthur and Talien-wan. There is a delightful innocence about the earlier telegrams of the series, which refer to the cession of Port Arthur. Here is how Mr. W. E. Goschen, our "chargé d'affaires" in St. Petersburg, tells Lord Salisbury of Count Mouravieff's clear disingenuousness at a Diplomatic reception in St. Petersburg about Christmas time. Count Mouravieff, having remarked that the entry of Russian squadron into Port Arthur is "entirely a question of convenience, and had no connexion with the occupation of the Bay of Kiao-Chiao by Germany, went on to say that there had always been a difficulty about keeping more than a certain number of men-of-war at a time in Japanese ports, and that, consequently, the Imperial Government had been glad to accept the offer of the Chinese Government to allow the Russian squadron to winter at Port Arthur. Vladivostok remained, as heretofore, their centre in the Far East, and the head-quarters of their land and sea forces, so that the mere fact of the Russian squadron wintering

at Port Arthur made no change whatever in the situation."

Later, Count Mouravieff informed Sir N. O'Connor that the possession of a port on an ice-free coast was a "matter of vital importance to Russia, and that it was the intention of his Government to insist on getting Port Arthur and Talien-wan," although the latter, he said, would be *open to foreign trade like the other ports in China*. It was in March last that Sir N. O'Connor found himself face to face with Mouravieff on the question of the ports, and there is ample evidence throughout the correspondence as to who was the stronger man. No. 108, of 8 March, is an interesting dispatch. In it, Sir N. O'Connor informs Lord Salisbury of an interview he had had with the Count, to whom he remarked that the Russian Government evidently intended not only to acquire Talien-wan as a commercial outlet for their Siberian railway, but also to take possession of a very strong military position like Port Arthur, and that thus to have the Gulf of Pechili studded with fortresses in the possession of foreign powers was a matter which her Majesty's Government could not regard without the deepest concern. The result of the conversation may be summed up in the fact that Count Mouravieff did not take the trouble to respond to Sir Nicholas' remarks beyond saying that he supposed the Burmo-Chinese line would now descend to the valley of the Yangtse! And what did Sir N. O'Connor reply to that? We are not informed; but we trust that it was a loud laugh.

Wei-hai-Wei is first mentioned in February, when Sir C. MacDonald telegraphed from Peking, "I have heard from a Chinese Minister, who is probably well informed, that Chinese Government would offer lease of Wei-hai-Wei to British Government if they thought their request would meet with a favourable response." To this Lord Salisbury answered that the policy of her Majesty's Government aimed at discouraging any alienation of Chinese territory and that the "discussion of the proposal would be premature provided the existing position were not materially altered by the action of other powers." Altered very materially the position was, for early in March came the Russian demand for the lease of Port Arthur and Talien-wan, with the threat of marching troops into Manchuria. Then, of course, the discussion was no longer "premature." It ended as we all know in the lease to us (when the Japanese shall have left it) of Wei-hai-Wei. On April 4, Lord Salisbury telegraphed to Sir C. MacDonald: "Your negotiations have been most successful. Our hearty congratulations." Now, really, this is unworthy of Lord Salisbury's skill in subtle psychology. To congratulate a man who was merely his passive instrument on what Lord Salisbury wishes to be considered a successful issue of his own endeavour is the crudest substitute for "bounce." We do not think that so obvious a sprat will catch even the British whale.

The series is closed by a letter from Count Mouravieff to Sir N. O'Connor in which he points out certain misunderstandings which he was "anxious to rectify without the least delay." Perhaps it need hardly be pointed out that the "delay" lasted just as long as it suited the Count. The Count began by deliberately going back on his word given and recorded in this Blue Book as given in the name of the Russian Government, with regard to the opening of both Port Arthur and Talien-wan on terms similar to those of the Chinese Treaty ports. He had the sublime impertinence to inform the British Ambassador that what he had stated officially to him he "may have expressed very confidentially." "An amicable exchange of views between your Excellency and me might well take place, but you will certainly agree, M. l'Ambassadeur, that no Government could pretend to the privilege of being made acquainted with negotiations in progress between two perfectly independent and friendly Powers."

"You asked me," says the Count, "whether, in taking Ports Arthur and Talien-wan on lease, Russia intended to maintain the rights of sovereignty of China and to respect the treaties existing between that empire and other States. I answered in the affirmative, and I added that we hoped, moreover, to obtain the opening of the port of Talien-wan, which would offer great advantages to all nations. Now that the negotiations

with China have brought about the desired result, all that is entirely confirmed. . . . As regards all other points, the respect for the sovereign rights of China implies the scrupulous maintenance of the *status quo* existing before the lease of the ports which have been conceded. [Note that Port Arthur and Talien-wan were not then Treaty Ports.] Your Excellency having observed to me that men-of-war and merchant ships are, in certain cases, provided for by the treaties, admitted even into the closed ports of China, I answered that accordingly this facility would be assured to them by the regulations in force. It follows that Port Arthur will be open to English ships on the same conditions as it has always been [which *literally* means that English ships won't be allowed there at all], but not that Russia should abuse the lease which has been granted to her by a friendly Power to arbitrarily transform a closed and principally military port into a commercial port like any other. These are the few observations which I have thought it right to make to your Excellency to complete the conversations which we have had on the same subject."

THE INQUEST.

NOT labour kills us; no, nor joy:
The incredulity and frown,
The interference and annoy,
The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the cerements round our feet.

And more than all, the look askance
Of loving souls that cannot gauge
The numbing touch of circumstance,
The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays:
The night less mountainously lies
Upon our lids, than foolish day's
Importunate futilities!

F. B. MONEY COUTTS.

WORDS FOR PICTURES.—II.

"THE BATTLE OF SANT' EGIDIO, 1416." A PAINTING BY
PAOLO UCCELLO, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

DUSK has fallen, and in a sombre cavalcade of silk and silver, under the pale banner of the Hungarians, rides Carlo Malatesta da Rimini, a captive. But such is the pride of that great warrior, and so inveterate in him the habit of command, that, even now, he points his *bâton* as though the knights behind him were all his followers, not his captors, and he were leading them to victory. The light of sure victory is in his eyes. His plump, white charger is rampant. And the profile of that curled boy, his nephew, seems to express primmest serenity, even complacency, of spirit. The ground is strewn with splinters of lances, with the casques and shields that have been thrown down by *condottieri* in their flight. Among these remnants of defeat lies, mark it! the prone body of a slain knight, "terribly foreshortened." Yet Malatesta rides proudly in the pageant of upright lances, as though the notes of the Hungarian trumpets were to the tune of his own triumph. It may be that he even resents the obtrusion of that one knight who (on a white charger, plump and rampant, the very counterpart of his own) is trying so clumsily to rescue him. But for this hitch, there were nothing to mar the vespereal procession of which he is the figure-head. The dark hedge which lines the route of the procession is mooned with white roses and is all aglow with oranges and pomegranates, whilst, on the roads of the darkling hill-side beyond, what could be prettier than those men-at-arms, few and tiny, chasing one another hither and thither? What matter to Malatesta that the battle is lost, and himself a hostage?

He will soon be ransomed for a sackful of ducats, and then he will rally another army for the Venetians, and Braccio da Perugia will give him his revenge. In the fifteenth century, remember! warfare was not the bitter and horrible thing it had once been and was again to be. Bravery and piety and endurance, wounds and death, were not essential to it. It was the first medium through which the spirit of the Renaissance sought expression, and victory lay with whichever army was, in ordering and equipage, the more beautiful. The first care of a commander in those days was for the breed of his soldiers' horses, for the fashion and sheen of panoplies, for the harmonious coxcombrity of plumes and crests. His second, and perhaps his greater, care was for nice symmetry in the disposition of his legions upon the field. Any blows which might be desultorily exchanged with the enemy were a mere survival, a dramatic pretence, in no way pertinent to the issue. The artistic sensibility of the age was such that no commander could persuade his men to stand against an enemy which had obviously outdone them in beauty. And it was according to this code that all European battles were fought both by sea and by land, until Sir Francis Drake, taking advantage of his own Philistinism, insulted with petty violence that great crescent of superbly painted and gilded galleons which swept through the English waters, "wonderful great and strong" even to him. When storm destroyed all that Drake had left of the Armada, it was felt that æsthetic warfare was doomed, and another era of warfare on the basis of bravery was initiated forthwith—an era which has been ended only recently by the inventions of science. But, even as Messrs. Whitehead, Maxim and the rest have not put all personal conflict quite outside the range of possibility, so, in the days of the Renaissance did it sometimes happen that a few soldiers really wounded one another. In this picture of Uccello's, the scattered fragments of weapons seem to point to a probability that the two armies had been rather equally matched in beauty, and that a certain amount of doubt and personal irritation had thus crept into the conflict. But note that not one orange has fallen from the hedge, not one plume has been deranged, nor crest crumpled, and that the great red turban which swathes the brow of Malatesta himself is a very triumph of neatness! It is probable that those fragments were merely sprinkled along the route for mere purposes of dramatic effect. I suspect there is no one really in the prone suit of armour above which the plump and dark-green horse of that Hungarian knight is so exceptionally rampant.

"THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR VILLAGE.'" A PEN-PORTRAIT
BY MACLISE.

Is that Miss Mitford? Thus, with a little scream and with a flutter of all her ringlets, must the young lady of the period, turning the pages of Mr. MacLise's album, have greeted this presentment of her favourite author. For Miss Mitford wrote in that age when a well-beloved author's face and figure were not the open secret which, thanks to camera and paragraph, they are now, but were things remote, rather, mystical and delicious, to be deduced from the manner of her books. She who wrote "Our Village" had ever been, to the entranced fancy of her public, a damsel more flower-like than any of the flowers that were so dear to her; a very Perdita, with a touch of Emily Haling, one might say, in her ethereal slimness and in "the radiant delicacy of her features—sure presage of an untimely grave." The presence that rose thus so strangely in the album was not expressive of what in the ways of a thousand editions young ladies had come to desire. MacLise had delineated Miss Mitford, not indeed without sentiment, but without fear or favour, showing her to the world as he himself had seen her in the sunny parlour of her cottage at Three-Mile Cross. And she sat there, the plump, industrious, good-humoured spinster, at a table by an open window, beyond whose honey-suckle one could see the nice landscape that inspired her. She wore a big straw bonnet over her ringlets, and a tight bertha across her bosom. There was a sheet of MS. upon her lap, and a quill in her hand, and one of her

sandalled feet was propped upon a hassock. Her umbrella rested against the table. "Flush," her dog, lay asleep on the carpet. And a small boy from her printer's stood near her, holding out his hand for the envelope she had just wafered. Indeed, nothing could have been more cosily prosaic than the whole portrait. But I dare say that the subject of it was not ill-pleased, and that, had she heard the shrill ejaculations of her readers, she would have revelled in their implied compliment to her work. For it was in her work that she lived really. She was one of those romantic women who must needs create for themselves the romance which nature and circumstance have denied them. It was because she was so plain that she wrote (as, in her way, she did write) so beautifully. For her, as for all women who have written well, literature was but an expedient; a means of evasion, not of expression. Rarely do beautiful women try to write. When they do, they write as ill as Lady Blessington or Mrs. Norton. Given a fair face and figure, Miss Mitford would never have written two lines worth reading. But, as it was, she wrote a great many, and she was very happy in her occupation. She relished her present fame, and all the praise that friends liberally accorded to her. I dare say, too, that in her heart of hearts she thought she would get immortality into the bargain—does not every writer, soever modest, touchingly believe that his or her books have, at least, the subtle qualities of permanence? I like to think that somewhere in Elysium Miss Mitford's ample shade rests in the belief that she is posterity's pet. Certainly, the prime critics of her day spared no pains to assure her that her works would die only with the language they were written in. Rash prophets! her immortality has been a very short one. "Our Village," her best work, has already gone the way of "Julian" and "Foscari," those two tragedies which were perhaps her worst. Nobody reads her now. MacLise's portrait of her calls no shrill cry of horror from the lips of our young ladies. "And who was Miss Mitford?" would, I am afraid, be its utmost effect now. But really, except the consciousness of good work, present fame is the best reward that can be given to any writer. It was given, in the fullest measure, to Miss Mitford. She did her best work in Georgian days, and she reaped a rich harvest of admiration from that Early Victorian Era of which she was at once the harbingers and the incarnation. So I can hardly pretend that Miss Mitford is to be pitied. It was known that her work was preferred by the young Sovereign to that of any other writer. Till she died, in '55, she held that high charter of approval which has since passed to the bashful murderess of Delicia. MAX BEERBOHM.

THE NEW GALLERY AND OLD WATER
COLOUR SOCIETY.

THE pictures in the New Gallery of 1898 that stand the best chance of being remembered are Mr. Peppercorn's landscape and Mr. Sargent's portraits of Mr. Cohen and Mrs. Thursby. The excitement of the season will be divided between this last and a portrait by Mr. Arthur Melville, in which the Glasgow manner reaches an almost Byzantine stage. Of Mr. Watts and Sir Edward Burne-Jones I say nothing, because the works they send this year are not of their best or second best, and the least said the better about great men's failures.

I put Mr. Peppercorn's landscape first, because, though he has not half of Mr. Sargent's ready ability and resource in putting his case, the sentiment that moves him is graver and tenderer, and in the result this is conveyed to us as the main effect, and not an impression of cold dexterity. The grey landscape lifts us away from the gaudy toys that surround it into the company of a mind that broods over the thing beloved till it comes forth in a picture, complete, tranquil, undisturbed. The elegiac mood of the painter writes itself in the muffle of rainy cloud and dark land, and plays so delicately on the scarce perceptible difference of grey and grey-green that the scene, sombre in itself, seems to hold all the light and all the colour in the gallery. As a not unworthy pendant to this picture is hung a landscape by Mr. Leslie Thomson. It appeared to me by much the best that he has yet shown. The scale, disposition and painting of the nymphs is still rather worrying, and some of the paintings small and

birdsneaky in style, but Mr. Thomson has taken out a patent for a landscape harmony of his own, and is gradually cutting and contriving its shapes with more force and singleness. To finish with the landscapes, Mr. Wetherbee sends perhaps the best version he has yet done of his graceful pastoral; Mr. Edward Stott, on the other hand, has over-sweetened his colour. Mr. Alfred Hartley's material in his South Down landscape is well chosen, and Mr. Withers makes us forgive, at the very end, a visit to the balcony.

I suppose in all the history of painting hostile observation has never been pushed so far as by Mr. Sargent. I do not mean stupid, deforming spite, humorous caricature, or diabolic possession, the sending of a devil into a sitter; rather a cold, accusing eye bent on the world. Mr. Sargent's extraordinary artistic organization seems to work itself up against the object into a kind of nervous fury: he batters upon it with a hard, dusty light; will give alleviation to the senses not even in the last extremity, the quality of his paint, and holds us by nothing more sympathetic than a logical coherence in the relation of his tones, and an assertion in his forms that defies contradiction. He pulls up a blind to the east wind upon sitter and furniture, wrings our assent from us to the spectacle he discloses, and hates it with splendid accuracy. Mr. Sargent, in a word, is an artist of rare capacity, but has a temperament not commonly associated with artistic power, belonging rather to the prosecuting lawyer or denouncing critic. Hence the mixture of feelings with which one regards his work, first repelled by its contempt, then fascinated by its life and constructive ability; for it is all up with the good-natured, inefficient neighbours once those Sargent figures have held the eye; they reveal themselves as well-meant dumplings.

Mr. Melville's figure is in essence, I am afraid, no more nor less than a dumpling, though it defies the suspicion with an intimidating quantity of style. I prefer Mr. Tuke's portrait of Mrs. Forbes Brown because it is more respectful to the sitter; better this shy and awkward approach than the swashing.

M. Knopff is a kind of harmless Rops for use of the New Gallery. Just as one lady entitles her picture "Somnium Mystica" (sic) and Mr. Alfred East entitles his "Mystic Pool" (sic), so does M. Knopff capture the good people who are tickled by an apparently hidden meaning by the cleverer device of painting a puzzle and hiding the key. The critic of one evening paper has been hugely edified. He makes a wild shot at the identity of one of M. Knopff's properties, a cast of the well-known bronze of Hypnos, describing it as a Greek marble Medusa head, and goes on to say that this painter not only sees and paints but thinks, and then confesses that he has not a ghost of a notion what his thought is about. It may be hinted that his chief preoccupation this year is the mystic material known as sateen. As sateen is to silk, so is M. Knopff's bric-a-brac to mysticism.

Mr. Walter Crane, on the other hand, is as explicit as it is possible to be in a sonnet made with some difficulty. His picture, "The World's Conquerors," is the best piece of painting in many respects that he has sent to these exhibitions. There are square inches of quite pleasant pigment in it, where, having a cast or familiar formula to render, he has not been bothered by the drawing. The composition, too, is better. But this kind of painting demands some power of drawing and modelling the human face and body, and Mr. Crane's stock-in-trade of decorative devices does not carry him far enough. When the turn of a head gives a draughtsman such manifest difficulty, he would do better to limit himself to flat profile.

The general effect of the exhibition is garish and stuffy. All exhibitions have their hangers-on, but the New Gallery will die of suffocation if it cannot shear away its parasites. Most galleries, again, have some favoured official, president or secretary, who hangs up a picture yearly—as he might his hat. But what a hat is Mr. Hallé's, and what are we to think of the number of times he hangs it up, and the places he chooses for the purpose!

At the Exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society, curiously enough, the balance of interest falls to names we associate with the New Gallery. There is a splendid

Burne-Jones, a version of "Perseus and Andromeda" in the famous series. There is a Walter Crane, more fatally disabled, if possible, by the difficulties of drawing objects in three dimensions than the picture at the New Gallery. There are several numbers by Mr. Arthur Melville. The general tendency noticeable in the Society, now that its older men are dying off, is a thoughtless attempt to rival the scale and force of oil paintings in semi-transparent water-colour. They might well learn a lesson from Sir Edward Burne-Jones's picture. In this the medium is frankly opaque, and, therefore, serves the purpose admirably of colouring a large cartoon. Transparent washes of flat tint might equally well be used to colour larger drawings when shapes and modelling are expressed by line. But what possible end is served by the pretence of light and values carried out over these huge surfaces? The nature of the technique is such that no human skill can carry through the task, and the result is a kind of colour that no one would ever arrive at by intention, a dirty brown, with approximate values suddenly stuck in it here and there like plums in a pudding. Mr. Melville is much too skilful a strategist to face the quite impossible or thankless task: he chooses his Venice subject so that the task is to gradate two colours over the field. Even so the task, on so large a sheet of paper, would tax any one less technically skilful than Mr. Melville, and the approximation that results, the blue and brown, is hardly worth the pains. A Japanese colour print is really as near the facts and pleasanter in texture. When he deals with a more varied colour field, Mr. Melville adopts a convention that might be expressed as follows: every colour shall be allowed to explode at any distance from a given object and with any force desired. By this means he plucks his decorative scheme out of the entanglement produced by the attempt to make a solid world in water-colour. If a man so adroit and determined as Mr. Melville leaves us dissatisfied, what is to be said for painters who have none of his gift for subordinating the elements of a scene with a view to an effect? What of the large black faces, the red-hot effects of light, the gappy world of stippled bogs and tufts of realism that these walls present? Mr. Napier Hemy is the man who pulls through best in the effort to stand up to Nature in a wrong medium, and he does it by treating water-colour as if it were oil, plastering on his gouache apparently with a hog's-hair brush.

At Mr. Wisselingh's gallery in Brook Street, Mr. Arthur Tomson's exhibition is succeeded by Mr. Mark Fisher's. Mr. Tomson, some years ago, struck out an excellent picture composed of groups of men, horses, hay waggons breaking upon the grand lines of the Downs. Since then he has been wandering about, always with taste and feeling, but without the grip and energy that characterised his treatment of the earlier subjects. Perhaps when he has more thoroughly possessed himself of his new material he will come to treat it with an equal force. Mr. Mark Fisher belongs to the same category of artists, in that he seems to drift away often into mere study of material, without a previous question as to its picture-making qualities. Thus in the present show he loiters round about a little pond with a lazy mind that never criticises its shape when that shape comes in collision with the frame of a canvas. But the eye with which he measures natural effect in colour and tone is one of the keenest of existing organs. Accordingly, when the material that presents itself is agreeable, the sort of pleasure is to be had in Mr. Fisher's picture that we should draw from the object in nature. The difference is that a picture accentuates, when it does not correct, all in nature that is awkward in shape and competing in interest. D. S. M.

THE MOTTI CONCERT.

WHEN concerts crowd in thick and fast the musical critic politely says disagreeable things about the people who give concerts; when there are no concerts he politely says disagreeable things about the people who do not give concerts. But when there is a fairly large number of concerts, and not one of the number is worth attending, not one inspires him with a new thought, a fresh mood, affords him the slightest prompting for an article which shall be anything better

than the most flagrant copy-spinning—then the critic feels that saying disagreeable things is of no use, gives no adequate vent to his feelings, and he throws down his pen, or smashes his typewriter, and stalks sullenly away. Thus have I been occupied for some weeks: I have been busily engaged in sullenly stalking away from the concerts I have ventured to sample. I tried Rosenthal, that triumph of beef over intellect, emotion, temperament, all artistry; I tried a dozen others; then it was impossible not to realise that the sea of mediocrity had again rushed over us, that in all that sea there was not an artistic soul, not a player nor a singer worth listening to for five consecutive minutes. Finally, on Tuesday night, we had Mottl to relieve the intolerable tedium and monotony; and it occurred to me, probably amongst others, that at last the fatal spell was to be broken. But alas! Mottl, instead of breaking the spell, succumbed to it: he gave us a concert which can only be described as thoroughly mediocre. Hitherto he has given us very good concerts or very bad ones: never before has he been so bold as to put us off with that deadly infliction, a middling concert. Was it the ghastly drizzling evening? was it the consequently sparse audience? was it the fearful and wonderful analytic programme (which completely beat Mr. Ashton Ellis's wildest, most enthusiastic endeavours after perfect fatuity)? Heaven may know: frankly I cannot guess.

The concert opened with Beethoven's "Leonora" overture; of course the overture known as No. 3. Now, when Mottl first played in London, it was this "Leonora" overture No. 3 which taught us his prodigious powers, the surprising extent of his powers, and their still more surprising limitations. It was his playing of this that taught us that he was, first and last, a Wagner conductor: we all—all we superlatively intelligent people—noticed that whatever there was thoroughly Wagnerish in the overture was fondly, even passionately, dwelt on and made the most of, while the rest, that is to say, the main part of the overture, the Beethovenish part, was slurred over as of no or little account. Though I doubt whether Mottl took the trouble to read one of our criticisms on that former occasion, yet his playing of the piece on this latter occasion almost inclined one to think he had, and meant to show us he could do better, or at any rate differently. He made a trifle more of the Beethoven part and a great deal less of the part which by reason of its passion, colour, dramatic rapidity of movement, seems so very Wagnerish. The result was a painfully middling bit of playing, a bit of playing wholly unexhilarating, in fact depressing. Miss Ella Russell's singing of the divine "Abscheulicher" from "Fidelio" was on the whole even less stimulating; the ballet music from Rubenstein's "Feramors" was duller still, more deadly still in its dullness; and after that came the Jupiter symphony of Mozart.

Now when the Eminent Programmist talks of the Jupiter as "unquestionably the noblest orchestral work that had been written until Beethoven produced his Eroica" he talks, as he often, indeed oftenest, does, highly creditable nonsense. Considered as a complete art achievement the Jupiter symphony is as far behind the Eroica as the Eroica is behind Mozart's G minor. The last movement is indeed tremendous; besides standing almost alone—after all, only the "Zauberflöte" overture may fairly be set by its side—as a technical feat, it is full of a startling energy, the elemental energy from which sprung the round world, that had scarcely been hinted at in music before and only came into music again when Beethoven wrote the Fifth symphony. But, splendid though it is, one cannot reasonably compare the first movement with the first movement of either the Eroica or the G minor. Take the latter; think of the poignant power of the first theme, the pathos of the second, of the way in which that curious atmosphere is preserved, that sense of sadness and sunlight; and after that consider whether the rather commonplace first theme, or the merely graceful second theme, or the energy without tenderness of the whole of the first movement of the Jupiter bring it within many a league of the first movement of the G minor. The slow movement of the Jupiter is, doubtless, very fine; but where does it come after the

mysterious slow movement of the G minor, surcharged with that strange sweetness? Only in the finale has the Jupiter the advantage, and against that the G minor finale has this corresponding advantage, that it is perfectly in place, and not a movement which, when you hear it, drives out of your mind by its vehemence, its naked energy, all that has gone before. This, however, is all irrelevant. What I wish to point out is that if ever there was a work written that demanded continuous, even playing, it is the Jupiter. Merely to run carelessly through it will not make one-tenth of the effect that can be got by running carelessly through the G minor; not a bar of it makes much effect unless the conductor carefully considers how to balance it with every other bar in the symphony. To play the fortes with immense strength and the pianos as softly as possible is the sure way to destruction. That is the way Mottl took. In the fortes he seemed to drive his band into a corner and bludgeon them until he had beaten all the tone out of them; in the pianos he suppressed them until all the free natural singing quality of their playing was lost; and the contrast between the two kinds of treatment made both very painful. In a word, Mottl was not in the best Mottl form, and one can only hope that he will do better next time. As for the "Flying Dutchman" selection, the less said about it the better; the Siegfried Idyll was barely passable; and the Kaiser March suffered from the old over-driving of the band.

It is to be hoped that every one will go to Queen's Hall on 17 May to hear Weingartner. Whether he is a conductor or only a disputed reputation yet remains to be decided in England; but at any rate he should be heard. Next week I hope to have space to say something of Mr. Dolmetsch's series of concerts of the old music which will take place at 7 Bayley Street, W.C., on 18 May, 1 June and 15 June. Meantime I may point out that it is the duty of all genuine music lovers to support Mr. Dolmetsch by subscribing their guinea. While I am giving "tips" I must not omit to remind readers that Mr. Robert Newman is another gentleman to whom London owes much, and his benefit concert comes off at 3 this afternoon. J. F. R.

KATE TERRY.

"The Master." An Original Comedy in Three Acts. By G. Stuart Ogilvie. Globe Theatre. 23 April, 1898.

"Lord and Lady Algy." An Original Light Comedy, in Three Acts. By R. C. Carton. Comedy Theatre. 21 April, 1898.

I MUST say Mr. Stuart Ogilvie has an odd notion of how to write a part to suit a particular actor. Here is Mr. Hare, one of the very few English actors one dare send a foreigner to see, excelling in the representation of all sorts and conditions of quick, clear, crisp, shrewd, prompt, sensible men. Enter to him Mr. Ogilvie, with a part expressly designed to show that all this is nothing but a pig-headed affectation, and that the true humanity beneath it is the customary maudlin, muzzy, brainless, hysterical sentimentality and excitability which is supposed to touch the heart of the British playgoer, and which, no doubt, does affect him to some extent when he induces in himself the necessary degree of susceptibility with a little alcohol. What a situation! And it would have been so easy to provide Mr. Hare with a part showing the worth and dignity of his own temperament! All through "The Master" Mr. Ogilvie seems to be trying to prove to Mr. Hare what a much finer and more genuine fellow he would have been if nature had made him a Charles Warner or a Henry Neville. Apart from the point being an extremely debatable one, it seems hardly quite polite to Mr. Hare, who, after all, cannot help being himself. This comes of an author making no serious attempt to get to the point of view of the character he professes to have dramatised—of simply conspiring with the stupid section of the pit to make an Aunt Sally of it. Half the play might be made plausible if "The Master" were played as a savage, iron-jawed, madly selfish old brute; but the other half is evidently laid out for Mr. Hare's refinement and humanity of style. And then there is a revolting

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CATULLUS AND LESBIA.

"The Lesbia of Catullus." Arranged and Translated by J. H. A. Tremenheere. London: Unwin.

PERHAPS the best thing in this world is youth, and the poetry of Catullus is its very incarnation. The "young Catullus" he was to his contemporaries, and the young Catullus he will be to the end of time. To turn over his pages is to recall the days when all within and all without conspire to make existence a perpetual feast, when life's lord is pleasure, its end enjoyment, its law impulse, before experience and satiety have disillusioned and disgusted, and we are still in Dante's phrase, "trattando l'ombre come cose salde." And the poet of youth had the good fortune not to survive youth; of the dregs and lees of the life he chose he had no taste. While the cup which "but sparkles near the brim" was still sparkling for him, death dashed it from his lips. At thirty his tale was told, and a radiant figure, a sunny memory and a golden volume were immortal. Revelling alike in the world of nature and in the world of man, at once simple and intense, at once playful and pathetic, his poetry has a freshness as of the morning, an abandon as of a child at play. He has not, indeed, escaped the taint of Alexandrinism any more than Burns has escaped the taint of the pseudo-classicism of the conventional school of his day, but this is the only note of falsetto discernible in what he has left us. It is when we compare him with Horace, Propertius and Martial that his incomparable charm is most felt. As a lyric poet, except when dealing with moral ideas, Horace is as commonplace as he is insincere; he had no passion, he had not much sentiment, he had no real feeling for nature, he was little more than a consummate artist, to adopt an expression from Scaliger, "ex alienis ingeniis poeta, ex suo tantum versificator." The real Horace is the Horace of the "Satires" and "Epistles." Propertius had passion, and he had some feeling perhaps for nature, but he was an incurable pedant both in temper and in habit. Martial applied the epigram both in elegiacs and in hendecasyllabics to the same purposes to which it was applied by Catullus with more brilliance and finish, but he had not the power of informing trifles with emotion and soul. What became with Catullus the spontaneous expression of the dominant mood, became in the hands of Martial the mere *tour de force* of the ingenious wit. Catullus is the most Greek of all the Roman poets; Greek in the simplicity, *netteté* and propriety of his style, in his exquisite responsiveness to all that appeals to the senses and the emotions, in his ardent and abounding vitality. But in his enthusiasm for nature, and in his expression of passion—of love and grief—with pensive sentiment, he was Roman. We may even go further and say that he had quite the modern note. Here, for instance, is Mathew Arnold's "natural magic."

"Myrtus Asia ramulis
Quos Hamadryades Deæ
Ludicrum sibi roscido
Nutriunt humore."

So again in the passage about the waves in the "Peleus and Thetis" beginning "Hic qualis" and ending with the glorious picture-line

"Purpureaque procul nantes a luce refulgent,"

or again in the epistle to Manlius,—

"Qualis in aerii perlucens vertice montis
Rivus muscoso prosilit e lapide."

But not to accumulate illustrations, what rapture inspires and informs the lines to his yacht and to Sirmio! It may be said of this poet, as Shelley says of his Alastor—

"Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
Sent to his heart its choicest influences."

We must go to Shakespeare's sonnets—to such a sonnet as

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,"

or to Tennyson's "Break, break, break" for any parallels to the lines to Calvus,—

"Si quidquam mutis gratum acceptumque sepulcris
Accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
Quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias," &c.

or to the lines at his brother's grave and those referring to his brother's death.

Not the least remarkable thing about Catullus is his range. It is almost incredible that the same pen should have given us such finished social portraits as "Suffenus iste," "In Egnatium," "Ad Furium," the perfection of such serious fooling as we find in the "Lugete, O vneres" and the "Acme and Septimius," of such humorous fooling as we find in the "Ad Camerium," the "De Varri Scorto" the "Adeste, hendecasyllabi," such epic as we have in the "Peleus and Thetis," such gems of richness, splendour and grace as we have in the Marriage Poems, such a superb expression of the highest imaginative power, penetrated with passion and enthusiasm, as we have in the "Atys," such concentrated invective and satire as mark the lampoons, such piercing pathos as we find in the autobiographical poems and the poems dedicated to Lesbia. What a heart the man must have had who could write these, and the "Alphene immemor" and the "Si qua recordante." Catullus has been compared to Keats, and he has this in common with him that he is purely sensuous, that he has nothing of the didactic, nothing of the philosophic element. He never reflects, he feels; he never moralises, he paints. Important and essential differences separate him from Keats, his nearest analogy among modern poets is Burns. Both were in Tennyson's phrase "dowered with the love of love and the scorn of scorn," both had an exquisite sympathy with all that appeals either in nature or humanity to the senses and the affections; both were Hedonists and libertines without being effeminate or without being either depraved or hardened; both had humour; sincerity and simplicity distinguished each; both waged war with charlatany and baseness. Burns was the greater man, Catullus was the more accomplished artist.

But it is time to turn to the book before us. Mr. Tremenheere has here collected and arranged the poems which tell the story of Catullus' love for Lesbia, though he has somewhat capriciously included among them other poems and portions of poems which have no connexion with that story. The first fault which we have to find with Mr. Tremenheere is that instead of printing the originals he gives us only his own versions. In a work like this the original text should have accompanied the translation, either at the foot of the page or on the page opposite the English version. This would have been at once fair to Catullus and fair to the reader. Mr. Tremenheere has with great ingenuity succeeded in concocting by a process of elaborate dovetailing a very pretty romance which he divides into nine chapters, the first being "The Birth of Love," the second, third and fourth "Possession," "Quarrels" and "Reconciliation," the fifth, sixth, and seventh "Doubt," "A Brother's Death" and "Unfaithfulness," the last two "Avoidance" and "The Death of Love." The chief objection to this is that it is purely fanciful and is absolutely without warrant either from tradition or from probability. Many of the poems pressed into the service of his narrative by Mr. Tremenheere have nothing whatever to do with Lesbia. The translations are very unequal. Of many of them it may be said in Dogberry's phrase that they "are tolerable and not to be endured," or to borrow an expression from Byron "so middling bad were better." Sometimes the versions are detestable. Nothing could be worse than to turn,—

"Nulli illum pueri nullæ optavere puellæ"

"No more is she glad to the eyes of a lad,

To the lasses a pride,"—

or

"Dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos"

as

"Her minion's passion-sodden eyes,"—

which might do very well for a coarse phrase like "In Venerem putres," but not for "Ebrios." But sometimes the renderings are very felicitous. As here,—

"Quid vis? qualubet esse notus optas?"

Eris: quandoquidem meos amores

Cum longâ voluisti amare pœnâ."

"Cost what it may, you'll win renown!

You shall; such longing you exhibit

Both for my mistress—and a gibbet!"

And the following is happy,—

"O Di si vostrum est misereri, aut si quibus unquam,
Extrema jam ipsa in morte tulistis opem.
Me miserum adspicite, et si vitam puriter egi,
Eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,
Quæ mihi subrepens imos, ut torpor, in artus
Expulit ex omni pectore lætities."

"Oh God! if Thine be pity, and if Thou
E'en in the jaws of death ere now,
Hast wrought salvation—look on me;
And if my life seem fair to Thee
O tear this plague, this curse away,
Which gaining on me day by day,
A creeping slow paralysis,
Hath driven away all happiness."

Six love stories stand out conspicuous in the records of poetry—those which find expression in the Elegies of Propertius, in the Sonnets and Canzoni of Dante and Petrarch, in the Sonnets of Camoens, in the Astrophel and Stella of Sidney, in the Sonnets of Shakespeare. But never has passion, never has pathos, thrilled in intenser or more piercing utterance than in the poems which that fatal "Clytemnestra quadrantaria" inspired, and in which the rapture and loathing and despair of Catullus found a voice.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

MR. MURRAY'S BYRON.

"The Works of Lord Byron." Poetry. Vol. I.
Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. London:
Murray.

IN returning to Byron, whom, it must be said, he seemed for many years to have entirely forgotten, Mr. Murray has based his operations on the edition in six volumes published by his house in 1831. In the very next year, 1832, under the editorship of Thomas Moore, an issue of the Works in seventeen volumes began to be issued, which was not completed until, we think, 1835. That is an edition extremely familiar to students, who are not so conversant with this of 1831. So far as we are able to follow Mr. Murray in his present preface, he prefers to go back to the earlier date, but he does not explain what it is which makes him select the rather obscure edition of 1831, rather than, for instance, the eight-volume issue of 1818-20, which he does not mention. The whole matter, however, is of slight importance; the main thing being, of course, to obtain a sound and complete text of the poet from whatever sources.

There can, however, be only two matrices for a trustworthy edition of an author—the issues which he himself saw through the press, and his autograph MSS. The list of plays and poems which have on the present occasion for the first time been collated with the MSS. is very considerable, and we note as of peculiar interest the statement that "Heaven and Earth," "The Blues," and "Morgante Maggiore," are the only works of Byron which have not been so collated. Few, indeed, are the poets of whom so much is possible; from the very first Byron was aware of the value of his own written word. The editing is left in the hands of Mr. E. H. Coleridge. It was originally announced that the Earl of Lovelace would be editor-in-chief, and there would have been a singularity, to say the least, in seeing how the poet would be edited by his grandson. But Lord Lovelace seems to have withdrawn, and all that he is here credited with, is "information and direction in the construction of some of the notes," which may or may not be of a highly exiguous description.

The volume here given to us contains "Hours of Idleness" and other cognate pieces, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "The Waltz." We presume that the bibliographical questions involved in the early and semi-private issues of Byron will be exhaustively considered in a later volume; the note which precedes the "Hours of Idleness" here is scarcely adequate. It would have been desirable, it was in fact almost imperatively to be required, that in an edition of this importance, the title-pages of the "Fugitive Pieces" of 1806, and of the "Poems on Various Occasions" of 1807 should be reproduced; that has not been done, where we expect it, in this first volume. We have, however, facsimiles of the much less uncommon titles of the "Hours

of Idleness" of 1807 and of 1808. Mr. Murray is too parsimonious in this matter of reduced facsimiles. It would have been of great interest to possess reproductions of the private or half-private title-pages of the satires which conclude this volume. We do not know whether the "Hints from Horace" of 1811 possesses a title or not, nor can we discover what has become of the copy of that issue which Moore used when he published the poem twenty years later. The bibliography of "Hints from Horace" has always been enveloped in Cimmerian darkness, which is not entirely cleared away by the present editor, who, nevertheless, adds much that is valuable to our knowledge.

The editor remarks in the preface that this edition will contain at least thirty poems hitherto unpublished. Of these, eleven are to be found in the present volume, but it would be incorrect to say that they add anything considerable to its value. They are boyish pieces, composed at Newstead in the winter of 1806-7, and have, as a rule, been deservedly ignored by himself and his successive editors. We consider that no good purpose was served by resuscitating this unfortunate trash, and to this indictment we make but one exception. The epistle, called "Egotism," addressed to J. T. Becher, and, not here dated, doubtless composed in January, 1806, has a very curious interest, not on account of any poetical merit, but because of its amusing analysis of the author's own character. It opens very promisingly,—

"If Fate should seal my death to-morrow
(Tho' much I hope she will postpone it),
I've held a share of joy and sorrow
Enough for ten; and here I own it."

In the text here given there is a printer's error in the second stanza, to which we would call Mr. Murray's attention. The first line is defective in a syllable, and should obviously run: "I've lived, as many other *men* live," rhyming to "For though I could my days again live." The rest of the poem, which is rather long, is remarkable for the sincerity with which the young man discusses the peculiarities of his own temperament, and for certain very downright remarks about his escape from marriage with Mary Chaworth. With this exception, it cannot be said that we should be one pennyworth the poorer if all these new poems of Byron had been cast into the fire.

It is customary, in reviewing a new issue of this kind, to ask whether popular interest is or is not re-awakened to the particular author. We confess that this is a consideration in which we can take no manner of interest. Byron's is a reputation above all fear of dislodgment, and the fluctuations of critical taste are now interesting rather as indicating the temper of successive generations than as indicating any change in his ultimate position. Nothing can give him rank among the exquisite poets of our race, nothing can prevent him from being one of its most enthralling personalities. If we were not acquainted with his history we should now read but very few of his compositions; but we are intimately acquainted with it, and it forms one of the most fascinating of literary romances. His unparalleled character throws lustre upon words and works which without it would long have ceased to be illuminated, and if we are told that the popularity of his poems has revived, it mainly means that a new generation has arisen, which is more ready than the preceding one was to pursue his story with excited interest.

Of the present edition the instalment here presented to us, composed in the main of poems long familiar to the world, and with but few exceptions of immature merit, is not well adapted to enable us to form an idea of the editor's competence. But the form is adequately handsome, the notes are solid without being too numerous, and the illustrations are fortunately chosen. Mr. Murray has opportunities, denied to any rival, of making his reprint a complete one. He promises us, among other important contributions, a large fragment of the entirely unknown Seventeenth Canto of "Don Juan." The MSS. in his possession are of unrivalled authority, and it cannot be doubted that his edition will be indispensable to every careful student of Byron.

"AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS."

"Audubon and his Journals." By Maria R. Audubon and Elliott Coues. Illustrated. 2 vols. London: Nimmo.

IN Audubon, greatest of bird-painters, the world saw a remarkable combination, a man capable of anything he put his hand to except commerce. As farmer or merchant this French American failed as signally as he excelled in the part of portrait-painter, bird-artist, or master of dancing or fencing. The means to which he had recourse in his struggle to publish his great work, the struggles against a defective education, a constitutional shyness that ever stood in his way, and the continuous lack of means that cramped all his ambitions and compelled the gentle and sensitive creature to travel to Europe and wait patiently in the ante-rooms of princes who might subscribe his book, have all been told in other reminiscences, published in various forms, to which, it must be confessed, these two bulky volumes add little that is new. There is, however, much that will interest readers of vastly different tastes. Thus the European journals in the first volume have an interest that is chiefly personal, for the introductions which the artist brought with him to these islands, as well as his reputation and the object of his journey, alike ensured his meeting with all the most cultured and all the most wealthy in the cities of his progress, so that we get interesting scraps of conversation with Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, Lord Stanley, Cuvier, St. Hilaire, Selby, Constant, Gerard, Jardine and Bewick, as well as many other notables in the science, art and literature of Edinburgh, London and Paris in the late twenties. Audubon was a fish out of water in society, and only tolerated the constant demands made by society on his time for the sake of the work which he had at heart. It is interesting to note the affected style of his entries amid these unnatural surroundings, the continual attempts at somewhat pointless witticism, and the wealth of far-fetched similes drawn from the animal world. To quote but one or two of the latter—Lord Morton looks "weaker than a newly-hatched partridge;" a lad looks at Audubon's head as an ass at a fine thistle; the serving wench trips briskly as a killdeer, and the waiters skip about with the nimbleness of squirrels. A young lady mounts on the top of the coach and soars there as a frigate pelican over the seas; while of himself he records that he panted like the winged pheasant while the critics were inspecting his work; that he waited for an audience "like a blue heron on the edge of a deep lake, the bottom of which the bird cannot find, nor even know whether it may turn out to be good fishing;" and, lastly, when, in his forgetfulness, he had presented himself for a dinner party on the wrong evening, he crept homewards as ashamed as a fox that has lost his tail in a trap. These somewhat laboured bids for a smile—for the diaries, though nominally addressed to the absent Lucy, bear throughout the unmistakeable signs of preparation for the public eye—are, it must be confessed, not fair examples of the author's best style, which is more apparent in the later Labrador and Missouri journals, when Audubon had left the haunts of man for the wilds of nature.

At the same time, we imagine that it is the European journal that will find the greatest number of readers at the present day. Not alone are there the aforementioned side-lights on many prominent personages of the period, but the American's animadversions on Landseer, on the English stage, on our society, our meals, our cities, and our sport ("horse-racing, like gambling, can only amuse people who have nothing better to attend to"), the gradual overcoming of his French prejudices against this nation, and the unwilling confession wrung from him that France was poverty-stricken, and that only England could support him—all this, and more of the kind, afford more attractive reading than the somewhat antiquated zoology of his later records; though these contain many useful notes on the cod and salmon fisheries, on the gulls and other shore-birds (the foot-notes by Dr. Coues being of assistance in reconciling the old and new nomenclatures), and, in the Missouri diaries, on the rodents, as well as the buffaloes and other larger ungulates. Audubon had, for the mo-

ment, suppressed his ruling passion for birds, and was busy amassing materials for his American Quadrupeds. The second volume is, for the most part, taken up with the "Episodes," a collection of short articles on various zoological, artistic and descriptive subjects, reprinted in some approach to chronological order. The best of these is, without doubt, the quaint account of the eccentric naturalist who, introduced to Audubon as an "odd fish," subsequently broke his host's favourite Cremona over a bat, which he thought to be a new species, and then disappeared mysteriously, without a word of warning.

It has been said of an eminent critic of the present century, that he tried, above all, to give his readers the natural history of the writers who formed the subjects of his essays; and it is, in like manner, surprising how conscientiously Audubon studied the life-history, the birth and development, the food, courtship and most trivial habits of every bird, before he attempted to draw it. Of his methods he says something in the last of the "Episodes," and more may be learnt incidentally throughout the volumes. What this man of many parts (and but two enemies in the world, Waterton and another) might, with a different education, and under more propitious circumstances, have achieved in the scientific world, it would be difficult to say. Certain it is that, though he lives in memory chiefly as a charming painter of birds, he had in him all the requirements of an eminent zoologist—the keen love of Nature, the application, the indifference to hardship encountered in expeditions of research. Nothing was wanting but independent means, for, in truth, being too true a wooer of Nature to seek place in a State museum, Audubon could only spend with his mistress such hours as were snatched from the more serious pursuits of earning a livelihood by some of the methods already mentioned. How many of our cabinet naturalists could we not spare for one such original, honest and modest backwoodsman as the writer of these Journals?

THE BRITISH MISSION TO ABYSSINIA.

"With the Mission to Menelik." By Count Gleichen. London: Arnold.

COUNT GLEICHEN'S narrative of Mr. Rennell Rodd's "Mission to the Negus of Abyssinia" has been issued at a time when that potentate is attracting wide public attention. The book, however, has been published too late. It has been awaited with much interest in the hope that it would throw light on Menelik's attitude to England. Two accounts have been given of his reception of the British mission. According to Prince Henri d'Orleans, who was at Addis Abeba at the time, but whose unsupported testimony on this subject would carry little weight, the reception was correct, although formal and cold. According to Mr. Rodd's staff, on the other hand, the mission was welcomed with the greatest cordiality, high honours were showered upon it, and a treaty of alliance signed with enthusiasm. The publication of the treaty itself has already settled the question of Menelik's attitude, so that the value of Count Gleichen's book has been discounted.

The volume records the incidents in Mr. Rodd's journey to the Abyssinian capital, and during his stay there, with the author's observations on the country and people. His stay was too short and hurried for him to collect much new information of geographical value, especially as his opportunities were limited by the fact that he travelled as a member of a large party of Europeans with a huge caravan and an Indian escort. The book is brightly written and may be easily read. It is illustrated by the author's own sketches, which are equal to the artistic reputation of his family. They are often conventional in style, and generally more amusing than accurate; thus on p. 77 there is a drawing labelled "Somali Police." It shows a man who, instead of being a Somali, is a typical West-coast negro; his head, with its receding forehead, squat nose and thick lips, is as unlike that of a Somali as a man's head could well be. That figure shakes our faith in the portrait of Menelik on p. 152; we have seen photographs of the Negus, and they look more plausible. Menelik may, however, console himself with the reflection that he is not the first royal

personage whose face has suffered from the artistic ambitions of the Gleichens. The author's notes on the Abyssinians suffer from his inability to understand the native mind. It may be only owing to the extreme freedom of his translations, but he certainly attributes to the natives the mental attitude of the European. His standards are not those usually chosen in works on comparative anthropology; he describes native customs in terms of Ascot and Tattersall's. It is also difficult at times to tell when the author is indulging in a little playful exaggeration; he says, for example, that the theodolite weighed a ton. Travellers' theodolites are not usually so heavy.

Turning to the one important point on which this book might throw light, we must confess disappointment. It does not tell us much. The author repeatedly assures us how warmly the mission was received, and he makes a great deal of two points. No other mission, he tells us, was welcomed by the Abyssinian official whose title is "Affa Negus, or the Breath of the King." No other mission, he tells us, was, on departing, drummed out of the town by the king's own drummers. Both facts rest on hearsay evidence alone, and their significance may easily be exaggerated. The drumming at the parting guests may have had a double significance. But when we come to symptoms which do not depend on uncertain points of Abyssinian etiquette, the author has not much with which to encourage us. When the mission entered Addis Abeba, it was intentionally or accidentally given the cold shoulder. At the last camp before reaching the capital the king sent out a message that "His Majesty regretted very much that previous arrangements" prevented his receiving the mission at once. The actual entrance into the capital was marked by either an intentional slight or extraordinary indifference. Count Gleichen tells us that we "soon passed Shola (two and a half miles from the capital), where no one appeared to meet us. Shortly afterwards we came in sight of our long-desired goal, . . . but still nobody appeared. The place seemed to be deserted. . . . We knew that we were to be put up in the old compound of the Compagnie Franco-Africaine, so we wended our way thither, and actually walked into the courtyard of the compound before any one appeared to receive us."

Count Gleichen also lets us know that the members of the English mission, with two exceptions, were unpopular with the people, and that the Russo-French Association has great influence at the Abyssinian Court. The king himself is said to have been full of suspicions of the treaty and to have signed it with reluctance. So the "careless Ethiopian" has learnt wisdom since the days of Ezekiel, and Count Gleichen's book is a warning that England cannot at present expect any warm friendship from Abyssinia, and that it is even doubtful whether we can safely trust to her neutrality.

GOETHE'S "CLAVIGO."

"Clavigo: a Tragedy." By Goethe. Translated into English by members of the Manchester Goethe Society. London: D. Nutt.

THE expediency of giving to the world the *juvenilia* of a man of genius is always questionable. However, no harm can be done to the fame of Goethe by translating for the English public this little pastime of a week in his twenty-fifth year. The English public will certainly not read it. Goethe's works, as a rule, may be divided into two classes: those which every decently educated person knows almost by heart, and those which are never read except before societies, and which are banished for ever from the memory when the welcome conclusion of the *séance* has released the unwilling and long-suffering audience. That "Clavigo" should be unknown to the English world is not surprising, though there is nothing in it which can fairly be called unworthy of the fame of its author. If it be urged that a large portion of it is taken, word for word, from the French memoir of Beaumarchais against Clavigo, and that the only quasi-original part of it is but a very feeble echo of the burial scene in Hamlet, the attitude of Shakespeare towards pre-existing materials and authors may be pleaded and, indeed, has been pleaded in this case by Goethe himself. But one cannot feel that he has succeeded in

manufacturing a hero out of such a sorry creature as Clavigo, who has not enough character to be a villain, but weakly lapses into commonplace rectitude of conduct, save when he is under the direct influence of his friend Carlos, who represents nothing more inspiring or picturesque than the spirit of sheer everyday worldliness. Clavigo, a Spaniard, keeper of the King's Archives, throws over the French girl, Marie Beaumarchais, by whose aid he had risen to a position of affluence and dignity, but, when confronted by her angry brother, he signs an abject confession of his heartless baseness. Granted a chance of reinstating himself in Marie's favour, he (strange to say) succeeds; but, having recovered the document in which he confesses himself to be her affianced husband, again he falls under the influence of Carlos, and again repudiates her. In the fifth act he meets her funeral in the street, and (like Richard III. and Hamlet) calls on the procession to stop. The result is an encounter in which Beaumarchais runs him through the lungs, much (we should imagine) to the satisfaction of the audience, on whom those organs had just inflicted pages of forcible-feebleness like "Dead! Marie, dead! Those torches there her sad escort! It is a spectral show, a vision of the night that terrifies me, that holds up a mirror for me to see in it beforehand what will be the end of all my treachery. Avaunt, ye ghosts of the night that beset my path to awe me into terror. Hide your light and look not down hither, ye stars. . . . Terror encompasses me, I shake like a leaf, I cannot move a step."

Beaumarchais himself declared that Goethe had spoiled the story as told in his memoir "by overloading it with a fight and a funeral, additions showing more poverty of invention than talent;" and certainly the play is heavy, depressing and improbable. The scene, taken directly from the memoir, in which Beaumarchais, after delighting Clavigo with congratulations on his literary successes, as author of the "Reflector," gradually reveals his own identity, and his determination to have revenge, would seem to be at least as much at home in the Adelphi as in the Independent Theatre. "This brother, sir, I am he. I have left my country, my duties, my family, my pleasures, to revenge here in Spain my innocent, my ill-fated sister. I come armed with the most righteous cause, resolved to unmask the traitor, to trace on his visage in lines of blood his dastard soul—and thou art the traitor I seek."

It appears that "Clavigo" was the first of Goethe's works which bore the author's name on the title-page. We gather, also, that the play was performed by the Independent Theatre Company on 22 February, 1895.

TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

"Ethical Systems." By Professor W. Wundt. Part II. Translated by Professor Margaret F. Washburn. London: Swan Sonnenschein.
Fichte's "Science of Ethics" (English and Foreign Philosophical Library). Translated by A. E. Kroeger and edited by Dr. W. T. Harris. London: Kegan Paul.

PROFESSOR WUNDT'S second volume is recommended to us as calculated to supplement Professor Sidgwick's "Outlines" with a fuller treatment of Continental schools, and to a large extent it does so. But its chief interest lies in the fact that it contains an independent criticism of some of our English philosophers and a generous appreciation of the services they rendered in the historic progress of thought. One of the most valuable and most generous criticisms is that on Cumberland, a writer who has obtained but scanty recognition among his own countrymen, and one whom one would hardly expect to find appraised highly in Germany, although he has always been somewhat studied in France. Dr. Martineau, for example, does not consider Cumberland to be worth a paragraph in his types of ethical theory, and neither Hegel nor Schwegler seem to have thought him worth mentioning. Professor Wundt is not happy in his translator, and the translator is not happy in her proof-reader. The one vexes the reader by such constant carelessness in rendering the catch-words of her author, so that it is difficult to believe that she is acquainted with the main thoroughfares of German thought. The un-

happy proof-reader is even less up to the mark, and leaves both inadmissible spelling and slips of the pen uncorrected. Usually these translations are made so well that they need no comment upon them as translations, and it is therefore to be hoped that the next volume will go back to Messrs. Titchener and Gulliver, who gave us the first part of the work. Fichte is an author whom we find it hard to review in England without prejudice. He was fascinatingly *μεγαλόψυχος*, both high-minded and Quixotic. He combined a passionate love of freedom with the love of a personal and austere morality almost Puritan in its severity. In fact, Fichte the man almost obscure for us Fichte the dual philosopher. Starting with a basis of Kant, as so many have done, he fell upon the dull hosts of dogmatism, those children of the darkness which reigns outside the luminous circle of the *ego*. He slew and chased them, until the unity of consciousness reigned under the title of intuition. But alas! no sooner was this empire firmly established than it began to break up into factions and sections, as empires are apt to do. "The ego of real consciousness is always particular and isolated, a person among persons," and, Fichte unable to maintain a settled peace among the members of the intuitional kingdom, retired and dwelt more and more apart in the marsh fortresses of mysticism, wrote "Guides to a blessed life," lived it, died and went to a sort of inferior glory in English Liberalism, where his theories find acceptance in spite of their cracks and damages. His theories of the State, of the social compact, of the benevolent Whiggery which would teach the governing classes to act as representatives and restrainers of the general will, and the lower to venerate their rulers, as men of higher culture, are pleasantly antique in their sound, and almost as much of the past as are the pleasant religious theories which would entice the clergy to eschew the tickle niceness of mere theology and put themselves under the gentle despotism of philosophic scholars, the Popes of the Academy and the Ceramicus. There was a cheerful cocksureness about Fichte. To read him is to feel that the century has now grown very sober and old. What fire, what bounce there was in this gallant individualist, with his pointed face and his incisive applications of the moral law (given on Mount Jena). Every man's duties are laid out plain and pat for him, in pleasant defiance of mere actualities. Let the true artist "take care not to fawn upon the corrupted taste of his age from selfish motives or a desire for present glory." "A morally-minded man can never think of bringing men to virtue by compulsory means—as threats of punishment or promises of reward, whether held out in the name of the State and some powerful ruler, or in the name of an Almighty Being." The moral instructor's chief rules are that "he neither proves nor polemises." These are specimens taken from this dear and ever young man's precepts, and they are all worth looking at, even if one cannot hold with the Hon. Dr. W. T. Harris that "they furnish the best discipline for training in the ability to seize the activities of the mind."

"MORE CRAMMING."

"Solutions of Tactical Problems. Examination for Promotion. Captains, May, 1896; Lieutenants, May, 1897." By Captain H. R. Gall. London: Kegan Paul.

CAPTAIN GALL is well known as the author of perhaps, on the whole, the best book on tactics for beginners which we possess, and he has frequently done good service in the cause of much-vexed candidates by his various publications. This little book will, no doubt, be much appreciated also, and, with certain reservations which we will mention, we have nothing but praise for it. There is no method of teaching tactics so effective as that by which problems are set on maps, and the solutions worked out, and in the present case the problems are all contrived to illustrate in sequence a complete course of instruction. The method thus adopted is an eminently practical one, and we warmly commend it. The orders and instructions for an advanced guard are first dealt with; then follow several problems in "time and space." The disposition

of an advanced guard for securing the passage of a river naturally comes next, followed with equal logic by an advanced-guard action, the order of march of a rear guard, and an outpost scheme. Then we have the dispositions for a rear guard, and patrolling carried out during the night by outposts. Finally, we have a most valuable appendix on map-reading in connexion with schemes, which, we venture to think, examiners will be particularly grateful for. Captain Gall has, however, committed a very unpardonable error when, on page 39, he divides a battery and sends off two guns under a subaltern. Fifteen or twenty years ago such a subdivision of a battery was common enough, but that was before the days of fire discipline and combinations, when each gun fired for its own hand and at the sweet will of its own officer. Nowadays it is a first principle of artillery never to break up a battery. Even a brigade division is not subdivided, as any one may learn during a drill season at Aldershot, except under pressing necessity; and a battery never is, for to do so would be completely to nullify its fire effect. Occasionally, in savage warfare, we hear of two guns, or even one gun, acting alone at the corner of a square or zariba, or in the hills, where there may not be room found for a whole battery in line. But what is done against foes unarmed with artillery is not admissible against worthier antagonists, and we repeat that to find an arrangement recommended such as Captain Gall adopts on page 39 is, as an illustration of modern tactics, simply ludicrous. We cannot therefore commend the present volume to students, except with the proviso that they regard with extreme suspicion what the author has to say on artillery. The same error of subdividing a battery is, we notice, also to be found in the disposition of an advanced guard on page 11, and, if we mistake not, disfigured Captain Gall's otherwise excellent work on Tactics also. It is surely time that he turned his attention to field artillery, and brought his writings abreast of modern views as regards this error.

A CRICKET LAUREATE.

"Crickety Cricket." By Douglas Moffat. With Illustrations by the Author and Frontispiece by Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P. London: Longmans.

MR. MOFFAT'S little book will prove very amusing reading to all who play or are in any way interested in cricket. It is a collection of parodies, written in an extremely humorous vein. The author catches the salient characteristics and idiosyncrasies of various players and situations admirably, and aptly turns them into such verse as the following:—

"D'ye ken Bob Peel with his left-hand play?
D'ye ken Bob Peel who can bowl all day?
D'ye ken Bob Peel who hits far away,
All the fielders and bowlers scorning?
For the pitch of the ball oft puzzled my head,
And the ball itself through my wicket has sped:
Peel's leg break, when the ground is dead,
Finds its way to the stumps without warning."
Distinctly the best set of verses in the book is inspired by Poe's "The Raven," and entitled "The Umpire." The iterated words are "leg-before," and here is a verse of it, although it must be read in its entirety to be thoroughly appreciated.
"Presently my play grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
I determined to let out and rapidly increase my score;
For the fact is I'd been napping, and by far too gently tapping
Balls that really wanted slapping each and every one for four.
So I smote hard at the next one, but it did not go for four—
Bumped and hit me, nothing more."

We have met with nothing so humorous on cricket as some of the unpretentious verses in this book, and the volume no doubt will find its way into the hands of all enthusiasts of the game. It has an interest in possessing a frontispiece drawn especially for it by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

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obviousness about the operations of destiny with a view to a happy ending. The old gentleman first puts his son out of the house, then puts out his daughter, and finally puts out his wife, whereupon the servants leave of their own accord. Immediately, with a punctuality and perfect expectedness which is about as dramatic as the response of a box of vestas to a penny in the slot, comes the winning of the Victoria Cross in India by the disinherited son, the heroic rescue of a band of entombed miners by the manly young husband for whose sake the daughter defies her father, and the sacrifice by the discarded wife of her whole fortune to save her oppressor from ruin. For a man of Mr. Ogilvie's calibre I call this gross. It is not the fine art of the dramatist: it is the trade of the playwright, and not even a first-class job at that. For the life of me I cannot see why Mr. Ogilvie should thus aim at rank commonness in his drama any more than at the rank illiteracy of expression which usually accompanies it, and which he saves his play from absolute intolerableness by avoiding. He may reply that the public like rank commonness. That may be, when it comes from the man to whom it is natural, and who, in doing it, is doing his best. But whether the public will like it from Mr. Ogilvie remains to be seen. Miss Marie Corelli's novels may be more widely read within a month of their publication than Mr. Meredith's used to be; but it does not at all follow that if Mr. Meredith were deliberately to try to do Miss Corelli's work the result would be popular. The public does not like to see a man playing down; and I should insult Mr. Ogilvie most fearfully if I were to assume that he was doing his best in "The Master." When, after stooping to a baby, he took the final plunge with a band playing "Soldiers of our Queen" to a cheering crowd outside, I hid my face and heard no more.

The interest of the occasion was strongly helped out by the reappearance of Miss Kate Terry, an actress unknown, except as an assiduous playgoer, to the present generation. Miss Terry entered apologetically, frankly taking the position of an elderly lady who had come to look after her daughter, and tacitly promising to do her best not to be intrusive, nor to make any attempt at acting or anything of that sort, if the audience would only be a little indulgent with her. She sat down on a sofa, looking very nice and kindly; but the moment she had to say something to Mr. Hare her old habits got the better of her, and the sentence was hardly out of her mouth before she recognised, as its cadence struck her ear, that she had acted it, and acted it uncommonly well. The shame of this discovery made her nervous; but the more nervous she was, the less she could help acting; and the less she could help acting, the more she put on the youth of the time when she had last acted—a fearful indiscretion. However, as the audience, far from taking it in bad part, evidently wanted more of it, Miss Terry, after a brief struggle, abandoned herself to her fate and went recklessly for her part. It was not much of a part; but she gave the audience no chance of finding that out. She apparently began, in point of skill and practice, just where she had left off years ago, without a trace of rust. Her first two or three speeches, though delicately distinct, had a certain privacy of pitch, I thought; but almost before I had noticed it, it vanished, as she recaptured the pitch of the theatre and the ear of the crowded audience. She has distinguished skill, infallible judgment, altogether extraordinary amenity of style, and withal a quite enchanting air of being a simple-minded motherly lady, who does not mean to be clever in the least, and never was behind the scenes in a theatre in her life. I sometimes dream that I am on a concert platform with a violin in my hands and an orchestra at my back, having in some inexplicable madness undertaken to play the Brahms Concerto before a full audience without knowing my G string from my chanterelle. Whoever has not dreamt this dream does not know what humility means. Trembling and desperate, I strike Joachim's attitude, and find, to my amazement, that the instrument responds instantly to my sense of the music, and that I am playing away like anything. Miss Terry's acting reminds me of my imaginary violin-playing: she seems utterly innocent of it, and yet there it is, all

happening infallibly and delightfully. But, depend on it, she must know all about it; for how else does her daughter, Miss Mabel Terry, come to be so cunningly trained? She has walked on to the stage with a knowledge of her business, and a delicacy in its execution, to which most of our younger leading ladies seem no nearer than when they first blundered on to the boards in a maze of millinery and professional ignorance. Yes: the daughter gives the apparent naïveté of the mother away: if that art were an accident of Nature it could never be taught so perfectly. Indeed, there were plenty of little revelations of this kind for sharp eyes. I have already described how Miss Kate Terry's momentary nervousness at first threw her back to the acting of thirty years ago. In that moment one saw how much of the original Kate Terry her daughter had just been reproducing for us. Then Miss Terry recovered her self-possession and her own age; and here again one saw that she was by no means going to be the maidenly Kate Terry with a matronly face and figure, but virtually a new actress of matronly parts, unsurpassed in stage accomplishment, and with a certain charm of temperament that will supply our authors with something that they get neither from the dazzling cleverness of Mrs. Kendal nor the conviction and comic force of Mrs. Calvert, who alone can lay claim to anything approaching her technical powers. I do not feel sure that Miss Terry could play Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" as Mrs. Theodore Wright plays it—if, indeed, she could bring herself to play it at all—but I am sure that her art will not fail her in any play, however difficult, that does not positively antagonise her sympathies.

Stage art, even of a highly cultivated and artificial kind, sits so naturally on the Terrys that I dare say we shall hear a great deal about the family charm and very little about the family skill. Even Miss Ellen Terry, whose keenness of intelligence is beyond all dissimulation, has often succeeded in making eminent critics believe that her stagecraft and nervous athleticism are mere efflorescences of her personal charm. But Miss Mabel Terry has no special enchantments to trade upon—only the inevitable charms of her age. She is not recognisably her aunt's niece. She is not majestically handsome and graceful like Miss Julia Neilson; nor voluptuously lovely like Miss Lily Hanbury; nor perilously bewitching like Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But she can speak beautifully, without the slightest trick or mannerism of any sort; and no moment of nervousness can disable her: the word gets rightly touched even when she can hardly hear it herself. She never makes a grimace, nor is there a trace of consciousness or exaggeration about her gestures. She played between her mother and Mr. Hare without being technically outclassed. Most of our stage young ladies would have sustained the comparison like an understudy volunteered in a desperate emergency by the nearest amateur. If we are to write this down as the family charm, let us not forget that it is a charm which includes a good deal of industriously acquired skill. It ought to be called artistic conscience.

Mr. Gilbert Hare is condemned to his usual premature grey hairs. If he ever gets a chance as Romeo, I am convinced that, from mere force of habit, the first thing he will say to Juliet will be, "I have known your uncle close on fifty years. Your mother was a sweet, gentle lady, God bless her." There is only five minutes—more's the pity—of Mr. Kerr. His Major Hawkwood is a younger brother of Baron Croodle, whose second coming, by the way, ought to be at hand by this time. Mr. Gillmore and Mr. Cherry as the two heroes, and Mr. Rock as the butler, leave nothing to be desired except less obvious parts for them. Mr. Ross struck me as not quite plausible enough in his villainy for the favourite of so exacting a principal as The Master.

"Lord and Lady Algy" at the Comedy is an ignoble, but not unamusing, three-act farce. I should have nothing more to say about it had my eye not been caught by the astounding epithet "wholesome" applied to it. I declare that it is the most immoral play I ever saw. Lord and Lady Algy are a middle-aged pair more completely and shamelessly void of self-respect than any other couple for whom the theatre has ventured to claim sympathy. They have one resource, one taste,

one amusement, one interest, one ambition, one occupation, one accomplishment; and that is betting on the turf. The "wholesomeness" consists of the woman's boast that though she flirts, she always "runs straight"—as if it mattered a straw to any human being whether she ran straight or not. A lady who is a gambler, a loafer, and a sponge, is not likely to have any motive of the smallest moral value for refraining from adultery. There are people who are beneath law-breaking as well as people who are above it; and Lord and Lady Algy are of that class. But the play is altogether too trivial and sportive to raise moral questions; and I laughed at its humours without scruple. Mr. Henry Ford's jockey was the best bit of character in the performance. Mr. Hawtrey, as the Duke of Marlborough at a fancy ball, harmlessly drunk, makes plenty of inoffensive fun; and he and Miss Compton have plenty of their popular and familiar business in the first and third acts. The other parts are really exasperating in view of the talent thrown away in them.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

WAR and Westralians have been the depressing influences on the Stock Exchange during the past week, since it seems to be fated at present that no week shall pass without its "slump," and the Settlement has been one of the worst the market has known for some time. But there is now a notable increase of confidence in most departments. The effects of the war, thanks to the publicity and delays that are a consequence of democratic diplomacy, had been discounted long beforehand, and as we anticipated some time ago the actual outbreak of hostilities was the signal for a general recovery on a small scale in the prices of home and foreign securities. The Money Market, in the first place, has performed a complete somersault. Before the declaration of war fears of dearer money were general, and a Bank Rate of 5 and even 6 per cent. was generally anticipated. Now the Market is wondering how long even the present rate will be maintained in view of the strong position which has been established by the rise to 4 per cent. No alteration was made in the Bank Rate on Thursday, and the weekly return of the Bank of England shows that the proportion of reserve to liabilities has increased 1·85 per cent. to 41·71 per cent. The addition to the reserve during the week was £1,349,780, making a total reserve of £20,950,000, as compared with £18,351,000 at the beginning of April. At about the same period last year the reserve was nearly £26,000,000. Ten years ago, in April 1888, it was as low as £13,500,000. The greater ease in the Money Market has caused a marked improvement in the value of Consols. Last week they stood at 109½. On Thursday they had risen to 111½, an improvement of 1½ on the week.

In foreign State securities the feature has, of course, again been Spanish bonds, and these seem to have settled down at last to war level. Last week they stood at 32½; on Thursday they had recovered to 33½. A month ago they stood at 49, and the fall of 16½ points marks the effect of the war. They are not likely to go much lower, though they will certainly fluctuate with the events of the war, and any prospect of its speedy termination should send them up considerably. The finances of Spain are certainly in a most precarious state, but she is not yet entirely at the end of her resources, and it is to be noted that if she loses Cuba and the Philippines, the strain upon her finances will be enormously diminished whatever may be the effect upon her self-esteem. The proposals for raising the money for the war which were placed before the Cortes by the Spanish Minister of Finance on Tuesday, are probably as satisfactory as could be formulated under the circumstances, and they rather ingeniously take advantage of the wave of patriotism which is sweeping over Spain as a consequence of the aggression of the United States. The ordinary Budget shows the small surplus of about £20,000, but to meet the expenses of the war, the Government proposes to raise £4,000,000 by Treasury bonds, secured on the Almaden quicksilver mines, an asset which, a little while ago, appears to have been offered in vain round Europe as security for

a loan. Other bonds are to be issued, "guaranteed by the general resources of the nation," which foreign investors are not likely to touch, and further funds are to be raised by loans from State monopoly companies, by the collection in advance of one year's land and industrial taxes, and by the issue of notes, to meet which the Government will pay into the National Bank "any available cash reserves."

These financial measures in Spain illustrate the important truth that war in modern times is even more an affair of finances than at an earlier date. No one doubts the bravery of the Spanish soldiers or sailors, but for lack of means that bravery has no chance of displaying itself in action. The immense financial resources of America, on the other hand, unready as are the United States for war, make it a certainty that she will be victorious in the end. Nevertheless, even the United States will not be able to raise a war loan without considerable disturbance. Spain will have difficulty in raising the necessary funds by hook or by crook. The United States can get the necessary funds easily enough, so far as her credit is concerned; but the Silverite party, which has done so much to precipitate war, seems now determined to oppose any gold loan, and is prepared to squabble over the business in the Senate until the war is over—a term which present indications seem to show will be postponed indefinitely.

Home Railways have been a quiet market during the week, but the greater ease in the Money Market is already beginning to have its effect, and although prices have not yet risen to any extent the general position is good. Making up prices on Tuesday showed a number of substantial declines, Great Central Preferred, London and South Western Consolidated and Caledonian having fallen 4 points on the account, South Western Deferred 2½, Great Western 2½, Great Eastern 2½, Brighton Ordinary, Caledonian Preferred, Chatham Preferred and South Eastern Preferred 2, and most of the rest about 1. The only improvements during the account were in Furness Railway, which rose 1, and in Hull and Barnsley, which rose ½. Since Tuesday, however, there have been upward movements in most descriptions, and it seems probable that the worst time is over for these, as for most other securities. With greater confidence in the market generally, the position of all Home Rails is very much stronger, and the investor who wishes to buy solid securities cheap will have to make haste, or his opportunity will be gone.

YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividend 1897.	Price 28 April	Yield p. c. £ s. d.
Great Northern "A"	2½	49	4 11 10
Great Northern Deferred ...	2½	52½	4 7 9
Brighton Deferred.....	7	175	4 0 5
Midland Deferred	3½	86½	3 19 2
Caledonian Deferred	2½	55½	3 17 1
North Eastern	6½	173½	3 13 5
South Eastern Deferred ...	3½	108½	3 12 11
North Western	7½	197½	3 12 2
Great Western	6	169½	3 10 10
Brighton Ordinary.....	6½	184	3 10 7
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5½	146	3 10 2
Caledonian Ordinary.....	5½	151	3 7 10
Great Northern Preferred... 4	118	3 7 9
South Western Deferred ...	3	89	3 7 6
South Eastern Ordinary ...	4½	150	3 6 1
South Western Ordinary ...	7	219½	3 3 9
Midland Preferred	2½	83½	3 0 2
Great Eastern.....	3½	118½	2 18 11
Metropolitan	3½	128	2 18 7
Great Central Preferred ...	1½	63	2 6 10

American Rails, in spite of the declaration of war, scarcely suffered more during the account than Home Rails. The biggest set back was in Milwaukee, which made up 4½ below the price at the previous settlement. New York Centrals lost 4½, Louisville 3½, Union Pacific Preferred 3½, and most of the rest from 1½ to 2. The effect of the war had been previously discounted by heavy declines in all descriptions, and though the recovery is not yet marked, the general tone is good, and prices are likely to be maintained at the present level

even if better values are not reached. The events of the war are likely to cause small fluctuations from time to time, and any likelihood of a cessation of hostilities at an early date will send all descriptions up with a rush. Canadian Pacifics seem now to be on the up grade, and Grand Trunks are steadier. Rumours have again been prevalent forecasting an approaching settlement of the rate war, but they appear to be quite without foundation. Every English holder of Canadian Pacific stock should make a point of expressing to the Company his disapproval of its irreconcilable attitude. It is absurd for the Company to throw away enormous profits for the sake of the small advantage it gained by the differential rates it formerly enjoyed in the Pacific traffic.

Industrial securities have suffered more from the timidity of investors than from any pressure to sell, and although during the past account falls have preponderated, they have in no case been very great. The most notable change was in Coats' Ordinary, which lost $3\frac{1}{2}$ during the fortnight, but have already recovered about half the decline. The improvement in Lyons', which has been going on for some time for no very satisfactory reason, was continued, and the shares rose $\frac{1}{8}$, whilst Spiers & Pond Ordinary rose $\frac{1}{4}$. All other changes were of slight importance, but the improved feeling in the market has led to greater activity in most industrial descriptions, and investors are beginning to send in buying orders for the better class of shares in satisfactory fashion. It is feared that the anticipated failures in connexion with the Westralian Market may cause some trouble in the Industrial Market, since trouble in one department often affects the rest; but in view of the strength of the general position here, any effect that will be exercised is likely to be purely temporary. As will be seen from our usual list there are at present a number of shares amongst industrials which promise a satisfactory yield to the investor at present prices, and it is not likely that so favourable an opportunity for investment will recur for some time.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 28 April.	Yield per cent. s. d.
Paquin	10	1	10 0 0
Bovril Deferred.....	5	$\frac{1}{8}$	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary	7	$\frac{1}{8}$	7 9 4
Linotype Deferred (£5) ..	9	$\frac{7}{8}$	6 6 0
Mazawattee Tea	8	$\frac{1}{8}$	5 16 4
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	2	5 12 11
National Telephone (£5) ..	6	$\frac{5}{8}$	5 9 1
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 ⁽¹⁾	$\frac{1}{8}$	5 6 8
Linotype Ordinary (£5) ..	6	$\frac{5}{8}$	5 4 4
Savoy Hotel (£10)	$7\frac{1}{2}$	16	4 13 9
Jay's	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	4 12 3
Eley Brothers (£10) ..	$17\frac{1}{2}$	38	4 12 1
Spiers & Pond (£10) ..	10	22	4 10 10
Harrod's Stores	20	$\frac{1}{4}$	4 8 10
Bryant & May (£5) ..	$17\frac{1}{2}$	$19\frac{1}{4}$	4 5 6
Jones & Higgins	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{2}{3}$	4 4 5
Swan & Edgar	5	$\frac{1}{8}$	4 0 0
J. & P. Coats (£10) ..	20	57	3 14 0
Aerated Bread	40	12	3 5 3

⁽¹⁾ Including bonus of 2 per cent.

Encouraging reports from the Transvaal have given a little life to the South African Market, and here it is fairly certain that the depression due to the multi-form political disturbances of the last two months is at an end. Even Paris is beginning to be a buyer of Kaffirs again, and it is now apparent that the reports of difficulties there on account of the fall in Spanish bonds and other securities affected by the Cuban crisis have been very much exaggerated. The "coulisse" also is settling down to the new conditions the French Government have imposed upon business, and though many of the big "outside" houses will migrate to Brussels, where there is probably one of the best and most intelligent stock markets in the world, others will in some form or other be able to continue their business as before. It is not likely that the French investor will lose his liking for mining undertakings, and once

political conditions are more favourable we may look for a return of the support Paris has always given to the South African Market. The past account showed serious declines in value almost through the whole list, but since the carry-over there has been a considerable recovery. The trouble in the Westralian Market may cause a slight set-back for a few days, but, on the whole we consider that the worst is past, and that Kaffir values will soon reach their normal level again.

The full report of the meeting of Rand Mines, Limited, in Johannesburg last month is now to hand, and confirms fully the favourable impression created by the cabled reports of Mr. Eckstein's speech. The shares have suffered severely from the prevailing depression, and are now much below their real value. Below we give an authoritative statement showing the actual value of the holdings of the Corporation at the present market price, from which it will be seen that the price of Rand Mines shares should be at least £35, even on the market estimate of the value of its properties. At the end of this year the Company will declare a dividend of 100 per cent. Next year it will certainly pay at least 200 per cent., and for the next twenty years it may be reckoned upon to pay dividends of 300 per cent. and more.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

Company.	Shares held by Rand Mines.	Price, 28 April.	Market Value.
Glen Deep	251,791	$2\frac{1}{2}$	£629,477
Rose Deep	143,720	$6\frac{1}{8}$	907,232
Geldenhuis Deep ...	122,558	$6\frac{1}{2}$	842,585
Simmer & Jack West	9,771	$11\frac{3}{8}$	11,603
Jumpers Deep	270,741	4	1,319,861
Nourse Deep	268,382	4	1,274,814
Wolhuter	40,330	5	231,897
Crown Deep	232,860	$10\frac{1}{8}$	2,474,137
South Rand	215,500	4	862,000
Langlaagte Deep.....	628,700	$2\frac{3}{4}$	1,728,925
Paarl Central....	199,763	$\frac{1}{2}$	99,881
DurbanRoodepoort Dp.	59,000	3	184,375
Do. Deben. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	£40,540	£110	44,594
Cham. of Mines Deben.	—	—	200

Cash in hand, sundry Debtors, &c.	£10,611,581
Reservoirs and Pumping Plants.....	1,619,301
Houses, Furniture, Waggon, &c.	134,180
Mooifontein (611 morgen 228 roods)	12,204
Langlaagte Freehold Rights	10,789
469 $\frac{5}{8}$ Mining Claims and Water-rights (including Ferreira Deep)	13,457
	5,000,000
	£17,401,512
Less: Sundry Creditors	£363,501
5 per cent. Deben. Issue	1,000,000
	1,363,501
	£16,038,011
Deduct: £1 per share on 332,708 shares (i.e., 100 per cent. dividend before vendor's lien operates)	332,708
	£15,705,303
Shares issued	332,708
Vendors' Lien of 25% equals	110,903
	443,611

$$£15,705,303 \div 443,611 = £35.$$

Add £1 for 100 per cent. dividend.

Present value of 332,708 shares = £36 per share.

Whatever may be the condition of the markets, the gold industry in the Transvaal progresses notably every month. The announcement that a reduction of ten shillings per case in the cost of dynamite will be made on 1 May is also encouraging, not so much in itself (since the reduction will make only a trifling difference in working costs), but as a sign that President Kruger is recognising the necessity of carrying out in some slight degree the recommendations of the Industrial Commission. The impossibility of raising a loan in

any European capital except on the condition of considerable reforms being effected in the Transvaal is necessarily being borne in upon him. There is probably no truth in the rumour that Messrs. Rothschild have made a definite offer of a loan on this condition; but it is quite certain that not only Messrs. Rothschild but many other big houses would be glad to let President Kruger have the money he wants on very favourable terms, if the recommendations of the Industrial Commission were carried out by the Transvaal Executive.

One important reform President Kruger should, for the sake of his own policy, push forward. This is the proper administration of the native liquor law, which is at present practically a dead letter. With the large increase in the number of stamps at work on the deep-level properties the native labour question on the Rand is becoming daily more serious, and the companies are at present sadly hampered by the lack of sufficient labour and the inefficiency of the labour they get on account of drunkenness. One of President Kruger's fixed ideas is to keep down the Outlander population in the Transvaal as much as possible, but unless he adopts the necessary means to supply an abundance of native labour he will find it impossible to achieve this. Formerly it was found to be wasteful and costly to use machine drills to perform the mining work done by hand by the natives, but recently more suitable machine drills have been introduced on the Rand with considerable success. Should their use become general white labour will be in increasing demand and the Outlander population will undoubtedly be largely increased. The tables we repeat below of the estimated net yield of the various mines of the Rand show, however, that even under present conditions, especially at the present low level of prices, many of the undertakings offer prospective profits to the investor which he will with difficulty find elsewhere, and every further improvement in the methods of extracting gold, as well as the reforms which must eventually come, will increase their net yield.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 28 April.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Van Ryn	40	1 1/2	12	17
Rietfontein A.	35	1 1/2	70(?)	15 1/2
Henry Nourse (1)	150	8	12	15
Comet	50	2 1/2	18	15
Ginsberg	50	2	8	12
Pioneer (2)	500	9	1	11
Geldenhuis Main Reef ..	10	1	6	11
Ferreira	350	23 1/2	17	11
Glencairn	35	1 1/2	11	10
Jumpers (4)	80	5	8	10
Crown Reef (3)	200	12 1/2	8	9
Jubilee (5)	75	8	8	8 1/2
Primrose	60	3	10	8
Roodepoort United ...	50	3	15	8
Meyer and Charlton ...	70	4	10	8
Robinson (7)	20	7	16	8
Wemmer	150	8	10	7 1/2
City and Suburban (6) ..	15	5	17	7
Geldenhuis Estate	100	5	7	7
Treasury (8)	10	3 1/2	13	7
Heriot	100	7 1/2	12	6
Wolhuter (9)	10	5	40	6
Angelo	75	5	8(8)	5
Princess	15	1 1/2	20(?)	5
May Consolidated	35	2 1/8	9	4 1/2
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	3	15	4 1/2
Durban Roodepoort ...	80	6	9	4
Worcester	60	2 1/8	4	4

(1) 42 deep-level claims, valued at £250,000. (2) Owns 23 D.L. claims, valued at £110,000. (3) 51 1/2 deep-level claims, valued at £250,000, and 47 water-right claims. (4) 52 D.L. claims, valued at £100,000. (5) 18 D.L. claims, valued at £200,000. (6) £4 shares. (7) £5 shares. (8) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 28 April.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep (1)	200	9 3/4	20	17
Durban Deep (2)	50	3 1/4	15	15
*Crown Deep	200	10 1/2	16	13
*Rose Deep	105	6 1/4	15	12
*Nourse Deep	60	4 1/4	43	11
*Bonanza	108(3)	4	5	9
*Village Main Reef (4)	75	5 5/8	13	8
*Geldenhuis Deep	70(5)	6 1/8	23	7
*Jumpers Deep	40	5	36	6
*Simmer and Jack	4 1/2(6)	2 1/2(5)	30	5
Glen Deep	18	2 1/2	25	5
Langlaagte Deep	21	2 1/2	15	2

The mines marked thus * are already at work. (1) Started crushing with 40 stamps on 6 April. (2) Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (3) Calculated on actual profits of working. (4) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value £200,000, allowed for in estimate. (5) £5 shares.

The Westralian Market has been badly damaged by Mr. Bottomley's exploits and business there is practically at a standstill. We have already drawn sufficient attention to the nature of Mr. Bottomley's dealings, and the retribution which is said to have come upon him would matter little were it not that he drags down with him a number of people whose confidence he had gained. All the Bottomley stocks are at the lowest ebb, and Northern Territories in particular, which last account carried over at 4, had dropped on Tuesday to 1 1/8 and now are below par. This is the fate of the "Terrors" which were issued at £3 and have so justly earned their nickname. Mr. Bottomley has issued another circular, this time imparting the information that the Market Trust will have to be reconstructed. The embarrassment, he says, is merely of a temporary character and so he implores the big firms to let the differences stand over so that he may pay the smaller ones. We shall soon know the result of this appeal to the tender mercies of the Market, which scarcely loves Mr. Bottomley, but at present it seems likely that we shall have to look forward to a Northern Territories restitution in the days to come.

NEW ISSUES.

TASMANIAN TIN DREDGING COMPANY.

This is a Company with the small capital of £50,000 formed for the purpose of recovering the tin carried away in the wash and tailings from the principal tin mines in Tasmania. These have collected in the bed of the Ringarooma River and the Company holds six dredging leases from the Crown. The capital of the Company is divided into 15,000 ten per cent. cumulative Preference Shares and 35,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each; £10,000 is reserved for working capital and has already been subscribed, whilst the rest of the shares go to the vendor syndicate in payment for the properties. The public has therefore no present interest in the undertaking, whatever may be the case in future. The business is an odd one, and if any of the shares come on the market it will be wise to inquire a little further into it.

IDRIS & CO. DEBENTURES.

Idris & Co., incorporated in 1893 with a share capital of £150,000, invite subscriptions for £70,000 of 4 per cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock at par, secured on the freehold and leasehold property of the Company. It is redeemable at 105 at any time after September 1925. The business is the well-known one of mineral-water manufacturers. The profits appear to have steadily increased, and last year amounted to £14,340. As the debenture interest will only absorb £2800, there is a large balance left for the Ordinary shares. The Debenture issue is for the purpose of paying off certain existing 4 1/2 per cent. mortgages and 5 per cent. debentures, and to provide additional capital for the extension of the business.

L. ROSE & COMPANY, LIMITED.

Lime-juice is a profitable article of trade according to the prospectus of L. Rose & Co., lime-fruit growers, lime and lemon-juices merchant, &c., of London, Leith and Dominica. The new Company which takes over the business of the old and well-known firm has a capital of £150,000, divided into 15,000 six per cent. Preference shares of £5 each, 75,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. The whole of the ordinary shares are taken by the vendors in part payment of the purchase price, the total price to be paid for the property being £140,000. The capitalisation seems moderate, since the profits for last year are certified at £12,000 and have regularly and considerably increased during the three years the certificate covers. Since Messrs. Rose undertake to manage the business for at least five years, the preference shares seem a fair investment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONSULAR SCANDAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Durham College of Science, Newcastle,
26 April, 1898.

SIR,—Since my return from an Easter vacation spent in Italy and Greece, I have seen your article of 26 March on "Consular Scandal," and have every reason to sympathise with your attack on a system which regards foreigners as proper representatives of British interests abroad. German red-tape is often uncongenial in Germany; to meet it in those who ought to be British agents is intolerable.

If I relate a recent experience of mine you will understand why I appreciate your remark that "Rome has to be content with £200 a year, and what that can purchase in the way of German civility." Anxious to use the privilege by which the Italian Government throws open national museums to foreign professors, I went to Italy bearing formal proof that I was a professor of classics in a University College in England, and an introduction from the author of "Italy and her Invaders," a member of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei. On presenting my testimonials at the Museo Nazionale, Rome, I was informed by the direttore that they would be accepted if ratified by a British Consul in Italy. I then called on the British Consul in Rome, Mr. Roesler Franz, handed him my testimonials in the presence of my wife, and politely asked his help. His reception was unfriendly and insulting. I was informed in an unnecessarily rude manner that I had no right to any privileges in Italian museums; and despite my assurance of the importance of archaeological specimens to my work, I was told that he could help "artists and architects, but not professors." It produced no effect to cite the fact that one of my own colleagues had been allowed to study in Italian museums on the recommendation of a consul. The only course open was to protest and withdraw.

I lost no time in forwarding the same testimonials to the British Consul at Naples, who fortunately is an English gentleman, and who rendered me every assistance.—Faithfully yours,
J. WIGHT DUFF.

THE PRISON SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—The public has been giving mouth to a deal of virtuous indignation about our prison system. Might an old prisoner be permitted to retort upon the public in a word or two? I do not for a moment defend the system; it is as bad as the worst that has been said about it. But I do emphatically protest against the notion that underlies nine-tenths of recent criticism on the subject. The assumption is that the prison system is worse than the public disposition towards prisoners would have it; and that it only remains in existence because it is administered secretly. Let in the light upon it, and a shocked public conscience will not tolerate it for a moment.

I would ask permission to point out that this is nothing but the stupidest sort of hypocrisy on the part of the public. In its treatment of prisoners the prison system is not a bit behind public opinion. If anything, it is more merciful; for it does loosen a man at the end

of a set time, whereas public opinion is eternally relentless. It is said that the prison system drives men back again into crime; it brutalises and dehumanises them, and fosters criminal instincts and debased desires as in a hothouse. True, but it is not that alone that drives a man back into crime; it is the fact that when he comes out of prison he merely comes out into a larger prison—the prison of a world in which he is isolated by public opinion. There is a ring fence round him; he must not look for comradeship or the status of a man amongst men. Ninety-nine persons in a hundred would refuse to employ him; would do their utmost to prejudice the hundredth man against employing him. And these same people, who would limit him to a choice between starvation and relapsing into crime, read with indignation of the starvation of prisoners in gaol, and the cruelty of not giving a man a chance of reformation. It is the rottenest humbug conceivable; it is not the prison system, but public sentiment that fixes upon a prisoner the burden of his crime for a lifetime. "God is infinitely good, and man in the long run cannot be hard on man," wrote a friend to me when I came out of prison. If many of us cannot believe it, it is because years of resultless endeavour have tested it and found it utterly false. I do not complain of this; very possibly the public is right; and in any case it can, I hope, choose its own company. But when it does so choose, without forgiveness, or pity, or relaxation, to keep a man within impassable barriers for all time, to head him off with unsleeping vigilance from every road to renewed manhood, and, unless he has a sufficiently saving sense of humour to refrain from asking favours, so long as he can dig his own potato patch—to condemn him to the bitterness of refused comradeship, till his heart is broken and his energy wasted by years of rebuff and unforgetfulness; when it chooses to do this, it had better not make an absurd ass of itself, by growing sentimental over the comparatively minor sufferings that prisoners endure before they are remitted from gaol to the tender mercies of the open world.—Yours faithfully,
Z.

THE WEST INDIES AS CROWN COLONIES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, W.

SIR,—Her Majesty's Government most wisely decided only to grant Imperial assistance to Antigua on the condition that Antigua should be reduced to the status of a Crown Colony, and the change has been carried into effect. This news caused a great sensation in Dominica; and the editor of the "Dominican," writing in the issue of the 24th ult., which arrived on the 14th inst., exclaims, "Are we to take this as a precursor of what may be expected to happen in Dominica?"

The "Times" (of Barbados) of the 26th ult., which arrived on the 14th inst., expresses itself in a leader as follows:—

"In strict accord with the policy of 'Confederation of the West India Islands,' the Imperial Government has quietly waited for the evolution of the inherent self-deficiency of the Colonies, and in their extremity obtained from them what they refused to give under brighter hopes. Antigua has been forced to yield up representative government and accept the Crown Colony Administration tacked on to 'the grant in aid.' Antigua's experiences will certainly be ours, because first it is irrefragably patent that there is no real representation of the people; secondly, the pseudo-representatives will rather abide Crown Colony administration than endure the true representatives of the people to be associated with them; thirdly, in any case, the Imperial Government holds the whip hand over us, and simply declares, 'No obedience to our long-expressed wishes, no money.' It was foolish all this while to insist upon retaining Prince Charles's Charter."

I beg leave, Mr. Editor, to inform your readers, and especially amongst them members of the House of Commons, that the "Times" (of Barbados) represents the native creoles, or seventy-five per cent. of the entire population of the island of Barbados. These 170,000 coloured subjects of the Queen-Empress are at present entirely unrepresented in the legislature of the island.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HENEAGE,

Representing the West Indian and Demerara Editors.

REVIEWS.

DR. LEAF'S HAFIZ.

"Visions from Hafiz." By Walter Leaf. London: Richards.

IN reviewing, a little while ago, the elegant but exceedingly un-Oriental paraphrases of Hafiz by Miss Lothian Bell, we expressed the wish that some practised scholar would undertake to translate the bard of Shiraz with an absolute metrical fidelity. The answer to our desire has come more suddenly than we expected. Dr. Walter Leaf has hitherto been known, almost exclusively, as one of the finest of our Hellenic scholars. His Homeric studies have placed him in the first rank of modern interpreters of the classics, and it is no small gratification to those who interest themselves in the literature of the East to find that so accomplished a student of Greek antiquity has given his attention to the poetry of Persia. We are gratified, too, that it is Hafiz and no other who has beguiled Dr. Leaf into a new department of scholarship. The cult of Omar Khayyám has, in our opinion, been pushed too far in this country, and the attention given to him has become decidedly excessive. Too much praise, and too close a study, can never be given to FitzGerald's paraphrase, which is unquestionably one of the glories of recent English poetry, but Omar Khayyám hardly holds the place in Persian literature which the fashion of the moment here implies.

On the other hand, Hafiz is undoubtedly one of the great lyric poets of the world. He arrived in Persia when the language, the metrical conditions, and the ear of the reader were all prepared for a sympathetic reception of the most intense and the most exquisite imagination. All Persian poetry leads up to him, and after him Jami breaks the fall, if we may say so, into intellectual decadence, without reaching the actual supremacy of his predecessor. If we will comprehend Persian verse in a single writer it is certainly in the study of Hafiz that we arrive most securely at our goal. It does not speak well for English enterprise in the matter of Oriental scholarship that those who will read Hafiz in the original must apply to German editions, those of Brockhaus or of Rosenzweig, for a competent text. Even these, the later of which is forty years old, are imperfect, and we should be glad to know that Mr. E. G. Browne, or Dr. Leaf himself, was occupied on the preparation of a text which should remove a slur from Western scholarship. There is room here for much good work to be done, and the habit of working on Greek texts should form no ill preparation for what would probably form a still more formidable task, the collation of the slovenly manuscripts of early Persian scribes.

Meanwhile it cannot be said that the translation of Hafiz has been neglected in England. Many hands have attempted it, not without success. In particular, the version of Mr. Bicknell, published in 1875, in a form which has unfortunately led to its neglect, possesses not a little of the mysterious and transient charm of the poet. But hitherto all the translators of Hafiz have shrunk from the task of reproducing with absolute fidelity the peculiarities of his rhyme-arrangement and his quantitative prosody. Yet without some such reproduction the characteristics of a purely lyrical writer must always be obscured and belied. Although the ideas and the images of Hafiz may be transformed into stanzaic forms reminiscent of Herrick or of Rossetti, these must not only at best be makeshifts, but they must produce upon the ear of an English reader an impression not merely imperfect but misleading. Some years ago a student of Dutch poetry attempted to translate assorted passages from the tragedies of Vondel. Every one was surprised at their resemblance to the style of Vondel's contemporary, Milton. But this was shown to be largely a fallacy; the sullen and somewhat dull rhymed Alexandrines of the Dutch dramatist had been turned into Miltonic blank verse by the translator, and all that was Batavian, all that distinguished Vondel from other European writers of his time, had evaporated in the process. It is easy to realise that this must be the case to an even greater extent in the paraphrasing of so exotic a metrist as Hafiz into measures exclusively English.

It is against this error that Dr. Leaf appeals in the charming volume before us. He has taken twenty-eight ghazals, or odes, out of the whole "Divan," the exact extent of which is uncertain, but which probably should include more than 600 poems. Those which Dr. Leaf selects, however, are specially characteristic, and we have been struck by the large degree of poetic beauty which he has been enabled to retain in spite of the network of technical peculiarities in which he is environed. Like Greek verse, Persian metre is wholly based upon quantity, and the difficulty of reproducing it is lessened only by the circumstance that "on the whole the stress very closely coincides with quantity, or at least the chief stress rarely falls upon any but a long syllable." Dr. Leaf states that the Persians have the custom of reciting their poetry much as Tennyson was in the habit of reading his. We have clearly in our own memory the voice of Tennyson mouthing and rolling his noble quantitative poem of "Boadicea," and we suppose no juster Western idea could be formed of the manner of those Persian chanters whose method has reminded Mr. E. G. Browne of "the roar of surf on a beach." A single example, and that of one of the shortest ghazals, will, we hope, attract our readers to the translator's brilliant "plaster-cast" of the ringing bronze of Hafiz:—

"Send the criers round the market, call the roysterers' band to hear,
Crying, 'O yes! All ye good folk through the Loved One's realm, give ear!

'Lost, a handmaid! Strayed a while since! Lost, the Vine's wild daughter, lost!

Raise the hue and cry to seize her! Danger lurks where she is near.

Round her head she wears a foam-crown; all her garb glows ruby-hued;

Thief of wits is she; detain her, lest ye dare not sleep for fear.

Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take for sweetmeat all my soul!

Though the deepest hell conceal her, go ye down, go hale her here.

She's a wastrel, she's a wanton, shame-abandon'd, rosy-red;

If ye find her, send her forthright, back to—HAFIZ, Balladier."

This famous poem was written on occasion of one of the periodical edicts issued against the drinking of wine, and is among those in which the poet's symbolism is most apparent. It is certainly very difficult to decide what are the limits of the Sufism of Hafiz, where he is singing as a mystic and where as a voluptuary. Dr. Leaf, very happily, points out that in Verlaine European literature has lately possessed a poet of high merit in whom sensuality and spiritual ecstasy were violently and ceaselessly interchanged. We could wish that Dr. Leaf would push further the important parallelism which he indicates between the Dionysiac revival and the movement of Sufism; a posthumous essay of Walter Pater's, on the Bacchic element in Hellenic poetry, has much in it, too, which would illustrate the Persian imagination, floating, as FitzGerald said, so "luxuriously between Heaven and Earth." It is certain that our Westerners are more capable of comprehending Persian states of soul than we are of putting ourselves into communication with, let us say, Japanese or Malayan poetry. The Persian stands half-way towards Europe, and is touched with the Occidental spirit. Between Hafiz and Anacreon the chasm is not too wide to be overleaped. This comparative nearness to us gives Persian poetry a great fascination, and we can conceive of few exercises of scholarship at this moment more valuable and intelligent than these careful translations in which Dr. Leaf has conquered the rare difficulty of giving us, for the first time, the actual mould and cadence of Hafiz.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

"A History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-60." By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Vol. II. London: Longman.

A NEW volume of Mr. Gardiner's great work is always welcome; as each appears we are able to

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say that two or three more years of the seventeenth century are made comprehensible to the student of history as they never were before. Of the present volume this is even more true than of some of its predecessors: it includes the conscientious working-out of a very dark and confused topic, the foreign policy of the Protector in the years 1653-54, when he was still hesitating between France and Spain. By a thorough study of the Paris and Simancas archives Mr. Gardiner has made Cromwell's means and ends intelligible, though it must be confessed that the main result is to leave us confirmed in the belief that the ends were not always worthy, nor the means well chosen. The Protector's dream was of a Protestant alliance, whose main purpose was not to be the defence of oppressed Protestants all over the world, but the wresting of America from Spain and Portugal primarily for the benefit of England, and in a secondary way for that of Holland and other Reformed Powers.

"Such a scheme," says Mr. Gardiner with his usual clear moral insight, "involved the utilising of religion for purposes of self-interest, of which the modern world has learnt to be ashamed—at least in its public professions. Yet the conviction that religious zeal might rightly lead to national aggrandisement and personal enrichment had been a dominant note with the Elizabethan adventurers whose exploits held so large a place in Cromwell's mind: there it found a congenial home. No one living was more eager to make the best of both worlds, and the tragedy of his career lies in the inevitable result that his efforts to establish religion melted away as the morning mist, whilst his abiding influence was built upon the vigour with which he promoted the material aims of his countrymen" (p. 352).

It must not be supposed that the foreign policy of the Protector forms the sole topic of this volume. The period which it covers (January 1652—July 1654) contains not only the famous scene of the Dissolution of the Long Parliament, but much more that is important in our domestic annals. We read of the final putting down of the last remnants of rebellion in Ireland and Scotland, and of Oliver's first experiments in Constitution-making, the "Instrument of Government" and the "Nominee Parliament." Why the last-named body obtained its well-known sobriquet of "Barebone's Parliament" is explained on page 233. Praise-God Barebone, an individual of utter insignificance, chanced to be the first in alphabetical order of the 129 members whom Cromwell designated to appear at Westminster. The specimen writ of summons was drawn out with his name, and thus caught the public eye. The chance incident was too grotesque to be forgotten, and secured immortality for its hero. It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Gardiner vouches for the fact that Barebone, and not Barbon or any other less ludicrous form, is the correct spelling of his name.

Chapter XXV. contains by far the most elaborate and convincing account of the expulsion of the Rump Parliament that we have seen. Our author holds that the exact course of action which Cromwell took was unpremeditated. He had come down to the house, "in plain black clothes with grey worsted stockings, apparently as if he had not intended to appear in Parliament on that day." An urgent message sent him by Harrison brought him down just as the unsatisfactory Election Bill was being hurried through by his ill-wishers. Sending for an officer he summoned up a guard, about thirty or forty musketeers as it seems, and left them outside the house. He sat silent for some quarter of an hour listening to the hasty winding up of the debate, and only moved when the Speaker was putting the question "that this Bill do pass." Then he rose, muttering to Harrison "This is the time, and I must do it." So began the famous speech which opened with formal compliment, and gradually warmed up into the famous diatribe against "unjust and corrupt men, whomasters and drunkards." "Perhaps," said Oliver, in a phrase that sounds strangely modern, "you think that this is not Parliamentary language. I confess it is not, neither are you to expect such from me." Sir Peter Wentworth rose at last to complain of phrases "the more horrid in that they come from a highly trusted and obliged servant." This led to Cromwell's final explosion, "Come, come, I will put an

end to your prating. I say you are no Parliament, I will put an end to your sitting." The small body of musketeers were then called in and the members driven forth—only Speaker Lenthall and Algernon Sidney needed to be moved by a show of force. The final words of the scene were not the "Take away this Bauble" of popular tradition, but "What shall we do with this Bauble? Here, take it away." Captain Scott removed the mace, whose fate was so little regarded that it lay for many subsequent months in the private house of Worsley, the commander of the detachment which had carried out the *coup d'état*.

Mr. Gardiner appears in a new light when he has to tell of the Dutch War. We had never realised before that he was a sound and critical naval historian. But his study of Blake and Tromp's tactics, and his elaborate maps of the battles of the 18 February and 2 June 1653, show that he has thoroughly mastered the seamanship of the seventeenth century. We must give especial praise to his remarks as to the strategical relations of England and Holland, and the hopeless position of the latter in the matter of protecting her Channel trade (p. 122). Captain Mahan must be pleased to see how quickly his new lessons on naval war can be adapted to the history of earlier times by Mr. Gardiner's versatile hand. The English admirals do not shine in this war when compared with Tromp, "the true hero of the struggle." Even Blake was decidedly inferior, in all but bull-dog courage, to our great enemy. It is interesting to note that fleets had as yet little or no notion of forming line of battle, but plunged in among each other "in most admired confusion." The admiral or some swift-sailing ship generally formed the wedge of a group which hustled into the thick of the enemy. Hence came casualties very unequally distributed among the vessels, and even the victorious fleet not unfrequently lost two or three of its leading ships.

Space forbids us to say more of this admirable volume of an admirable series. The tale is now drawing near its end; Oliver is established in his uneasy dignity of Protector, and one or at the most two more volumes will conduct us to his death-bed.

SHADOWLAND.

"Shadowland; or Light from the Other Side." By E. d'Espérance. London: Redway.

IF this book had been true it might have been interesting; but there is good reason to suppose that it is mostly fiction, and regarded as a novel, it is a very inferior achievement. In fact, it is a sad commentary on the weakness of human nature that such a book should be published at all. It professes to be the story, told by herself, of the experiences of a "genuine medium," beginning with her perception of "ghosts" as a child and ending with the manifestations of "ghosts" on photographic plates. In the intervening period, according to her own account, besides many other things, she saw a phantom ship, wrote a remarkable essay in a somnambulist state, read the contents of sealed letters, and through her mediumship the "spirits" did many wondrous works, such as producing large flowering plants out of nothing, materialising themselves into visible and tangible bodies, and vindicating their superior knowledge on scientific subjects by dumbfounding various sceptical inquirers on their own ground. The first series of her experiences was brought to an abrupt termination by an incident which she recounts in a somewhat veiled fashion. One of the "sitters" grasped the "spirit form" and found it to be the medium herself. And possibly Mrs. d'Espérance might be able to tell us more concerning the exposure of a certain medium, Miss Wood, who was found partially disrobed and covered with muslin, moving about on her knees at a séance, and personating the "materialised spirit" of a little Indian girl. Mrs. d'Espérance, in short, was a common "materialising trickster," and as for the scientific statements offered by the "spirits," some of them were evidently quotations from text-books and others were nonsense. The Russian gentleman, Mr. A. Aksahof, who writes an introduction for the book and who himself is undoubtedly sincere, says that "these are not

the confessions of a recanting or apologising medium." This is true. They are rather the "fictions of a *canting* medium," a sober statement of whose delinquencies may be found in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research.

FICTION.

"Fantasias." By George Egerton. London: Lane.

WHEN George Egerton begins her first fantasia, "The Star Worshipper," by explaining that it is the "tale of a man who was a star-worshipper, and who was made or marred by his union with a wife who was inordinately fond of porridge," she gives her allegory away, and we feel that we may proceed at once to the second fantasia, "The Elusive Melody." We find that here also she deals with the relations of man and woman, the average man and the neurotic woman, only this time she rings the changes: it is the man's taste for porridge that is to be deprecated. The poor disillusioned Dusky-head of the story, after having ridden to the land of Heart's Desire and sought "the fable flower of perfect union" in vain, "strove to put her sorrow into song. Words came; those golden patines on the robe of reality that men call poetry danced before her once more"; but, "alas! the lute strings of her soul were broken," and she now "lives with men and women stumbling wearily in the shackles of prose—and the tax man calls regularly." So we pass on to "The Mandrake Venus," where we find "A pilgrim, born of investigation by truth, travelling along the highway of the world" until he reaches "the kingdom of the Mandrake Venus, Man's Desire; where the meads are ablaze with passion flowers and poppies, and the fountains are fed with good women's tears." Shortly he arrives at a marble palace, where "music born of madness and the ecstasy of pain rang from a hidden orchestra," and here he beholds "a gigantic female, couchant amidst the changeful drapery, white with a flabby softness of flesh and a vileness of expression that made her loathsome as a leper." Yet the Mandrake Venus was of "surpassing beauty," as may be imagined from this description. Then a "clash of music and the lure-song of the bird" introduces the happy pilgrim to a group of coryphæes, some of whom are clad "simply in the marvellous mantle of their hair;" and a little later we begin to realise that this is merely George Egerton's way of denouncing the repeal of the C.D. Acts. In "The Futile Quest" we have the same vivid phraseology, the same graceful poetical touches, as when, for instance, the lad Farsight, sitting by the winter fire, with his little playmate Patty Heartsease, roasting chestnuts, dreams of hot summer days, "he could smell briar roses, the dust after a shower, and the wholesome pungent smell of freshly dropped horse dung." From the little homily "The Kingdom of Dreams" we learn that to be a dreamer of dreams (and let us suppose a literary person to boot) is to be the "lord of all kingdoms," is to have come upon the "kernel of all wisdom." And with what a suggestive illustration this view is supported! "A man is a millionaire, rich beyond the dreams of calculation. Yet, to me the dreamer, he may be a pauper. I may know him to be a grab-and-barter Jew boy, with a hankering after Christianity and ham; as far removed as sunlight is to (*sic*) dip light, from that best of all true gentlemen, the well-bred Hebrew, proud of his Judaism. Knowing this, *I despise him*." The italics are ours. It is also interesting to know that when one has come upon the kernel of all wisdom that "one can love and sin as lustily in dreams as in the flesh." When we turned over the page to begin the last fantasia we read, "There was once a woman with an iron tongue," and there we were content to pause.

"Comedies and Errors." By Henry Harland. London: Lane.

Mr. Harland has lost an opportunity in giving a name to his last book. If he had called it "Affectations" instead of practically adopting a familiar title he would have been at once original and contemporary, and have saved us possibly from a few lines of criticism. Anyhow, we make him a present of the title for his next work; for, without there is a change in his method, it will be equally appropriate, the *mot juste*

(as he might say) for anything that he may write. The stories of the present volume are mostly told in the first person, and it is rather forced upon the reader that they possess some sort of autobiographical significance; excluding of course those stories which are sheerly fantastic. If this is a just inference we are scarcely captivated by the personality, by the ghost of a personality, which they disclose; they suggest a bore and one of the least tolerable of his kind,—a bore who has been to Rome and who has an aunt Elizabeth. It is, we fear, all in vain that Mr. Harland carries himself with an air, that he tips his hat, flourishes his cane, and raps out his Italian and French phrases. His mimicry, clever as it is, has not convinced us that he belongs to the aristocracy of letters, or that his stories represent anything but the comedy of high life below stairs. He has read his Henry James, his Maupassant, his De Musset, even his Thackeray, with a result that is a little too obvious; and to these we might add the name of Mr. Jerome when we read such a witticism as, "A woman who plays Chopin ought to have three hands—two to play with, and one for the man who's listening to hold." The main defect, however, of Mr. Harland's art is not that it is pretentious, not that it is almost wholly derivative, but that it is elaborately uninteresting, an inexcusable defect in the art of the short story. From Mr. Henry James he has learnt the value of the significant detail in fiction, and he over-estimates it; he has not Mr. James's nice faculty of observation, his sense of proportion. Nevertheless, of Mr. Harland's various manners his Henry James manner is perhaps the most successful; he has acquired something of his model's elusive felicity of phrase, something of his ineffective fidelity in portraying character. All his characters indeed talk like one and the same person, hesitatingly, like a person who is searching for the *mot juste*, with a non-committal air that is unspeakably tantalising. Where, as in the case of De Musset, Mr. Harland attempts to follow a writer more of inspiration than of artifice, he follows him at a much greater distance. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Harland struts about in borrowed plumes, there are two stories in the book, "P'tit-Bleu" and "Rosemary for Remembrance," which can be read without fatigue, which are almost convincing bits of artistry.

"Father and Son." By Arthur Paterson. London: Harper.

"Lutes and Rifts." By Louise Sahn. London: Stock.

M. Arthur Paterson, the author of an exceptionally good novel, has managed to produce a bad one. There is nothing very astonishing in that. And yet the reader of "Father and Son" who is familiar with "For Freedom's Sake" will be astonished—astonished that an author, who succeeded so completely in writing a human novel, should deliberately go out of his way to fail in writing an inhuman novel. "Deliberately," we say, because we cannot discover in his book any signs that will explain why he should have braved such obvious dullnesses and stupidities as must attach to the novel of mystery and accident. For it is obvious that the relations between a father and son, who are not both aware of their relationship, and who are brought into conflict or agreement by the inhuman compulsion of the purely accidental, are likely to be less interesting than the relations between a father and son who are, as is generally the case with fathers and sons, aware of their relationship, and who are brought into conflict or agreement by the natural and human course of things. The odds are largely in favour of the latter state of affairs, and no reason for braving such odds appears in "Father and Son." The son in Mr. Paterson's novel does not know that the rival, with whom he is at war in love and business, is his father, so that on his side the situation is pointless; the feelings of the father, who does know, cannot be revealed, because he must remain more or less hidden behind the curtain of mystery—he appears to have none, so that the lack of point is not made up on that side. Nor can the author have been lured into this extremely barren situation by the attractions of a story, because he does not succeed in dragging any sort of story out of it. And the author of "For Freedom's Sake" certainly knows, better than most men, what a story is. The only re-

maining excuse for a mystery is that it should lead up to a striking situation when the revelation comes; but Mr. Paterson's 280 pages of mystery only lead up to the end of the book.

The author of "Lutes and Rifts" should not be mentioned in the same breath as the author of "For Freedom's Sake"; only, as it happens, she has written a typically bad book that exemplifies the storylessness of the mystery and accident novel. On page 14 we are introduced to Miss Montague, an eccentric lady, who lodges with a mother and two pretty daughters. Things remain *in statu quo* until page 32, when we see her in a dejected moment lingering over the fragment of a letter, which may be summarised as "Farewell—Neville." Eight pages later, being out on the Common, she happens to meet and talk to a boy who takes her fancy. On page 67 she pays a visit to an old friend, and informs him, with sorrow, that "He, my brother, is not what I deemed him." On page 73 a well-intentioned minor character visits the cottage where the boy lives, and discovers that he has a gentleman father. On page 183 Miss Montague advertises for her long-lost brother in the "Times." On page 112 she happens to see the boy again, and takes an even greater fancy to him. On page 120 the boy's gentleman father, being ill, is visited by everybody else but Miss Montague. On page 155 she tells the daughter of the house how she quarrelled with her brother. The boy's gentleman father sees the advertisement in the "Times" on page 165. Four pages later Miss Montague recognises at a jeweller's a family trinket, and is told that it was sold by the boy's father. She repairs at once—it is getting late—to the cottage; and brother and sister agree to bury the sad past. Is it to be wondered at that a poor author, staggering under the misfortune of an entirely negative theme (the not finding of a brother), and twelve disjointed accidents—which must occur at long intervals—is it to be wondered at that she should, in her trouble, have recourse to every form of vice that fiction knows? Could any one, under the circumstances, find the heart to remark the vulgar ineptitude of the pretty daughters' flirtations, the hopelessly racy bits of studies in manner, the bright local colour, the goody-goodiness, the woman of the world philosophising? The very jauntiness, that looks so unlovely, is but the woman's proverbial smile, hiding an inner agony.

And to think that the burden of all this dulness and stupidity should be voluntarily assumed by novelists, who live in a world where they cannot see one family tragedy out of a hundred that is heightened by a mystery or dependent on mere accidents.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT is small wonder that the enormous royalties accruing from a successful play have tempted some of the more popular novelists from the narrower possibilities of book production. Mr. Barrie's fees from the dramatisation of "The Little Minister" are estimated at from £400 to £500 a week. Mr. Conan Doyle is another author who is turning his attention to the theatre. He is writing a play round his "creation" of Sherlock Holmes, with new and startling developments, and Sir Henry Irving has decided to portray the part himself.

The publication of the Dictionary of Authors, which MM. Charles Gidel & Frederic Loliée have compiled and which MM. Cohn et Cie. are about to issue, will cause some heart-burning to a few leading lights on this side of the Channel. Where have the unfortunate editors been reared that they have never heard of Messrs. Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling and George MacDonald? Yet the appalling fact remains that these names are omitted.

Lord Farrer's volume on "Studies in Currency" is to be published at once. It contains inquiries into certain modern problems connected with the standard of value and the media of exchange.

A strong list of contributors has been secured for the fifteenth part of Messrs. Laurence & Bullen's "Encyclopædia of Sport." The chief subject is "Rowing." Mr. Maclean, the Oxford coach, dealing with the technique of oarsmanship, Messrs. R. P. Rowe and B. F.

Robinson with aquatics at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, Mr. Caspar Whitney with America, and Mr. W. H. Grenfell with Henley and other regattas. The other subjects range from salmon to rhinoceros, and are treated by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Colonel Pollock, Captains Hale and Swayne, and other authorities.

Mr. Harry de Windt is varying his travel volumes by a digression in favour of fiction. A book of short stories from his pen is in preparation at Messrs. Chatto & Windus. He should certainly have a wealth of experience and adventure to stimulate his gifts of imagination.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's history of the struggle between Great Britain and the United States in 1812 is severely handled by a reviewer in the May number of "Macmillan's Magazine." It is contended that he cannot be taken seriously as an historian, and has not justified his selection by Mr. Laird Clowes to write that chapter in the latter's "Royal Navy."

The new productions of Mr. Gerald Duckworth have the solidity of character which becomes the stepson of Mr. Leslie Stephen. Among these is a translation by Mrs. C. M. Lawrence of Dr. Karl Witte's "Essays on Dante." Hitherto, these important studies have only been procurable at an exorbitant price, but the present selection will be within the reach of the general student of the poet. The edition is edited by Mr. P. H. Wicksteed. Another venture of Mr. Duckworth's is an annotated edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," which Wordsworth and Coleridge published exactly a century ago. A facsimile of the first edition appeared in recent years, with an introduction by Professor Dowden, but the centenary certainly deserves special commemoration. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, the editor of the coming issue, has supplied some notes upon the purpose and effect of the ballads upon contemporary poetry.

The advance which France has made in the evolution of the motor car is to be made manifest to English readers by a translation of M. Louis Lockert's work upon the subject, recently produced in Paris. Messrs. Sampson Low are including all the original illustrations in the English rendering, which is to be called "Petroleum Motor Cars."

The Unicorn Press have arranged to publish, under the title of "The Unicorn Quartos," a series of volumes, each containing new and hitherto unedited work by some one artist. The first two publications are to be a book of woodcuts, called "A Book of Giants," and some pen-and-ink drawings, "A Book of Images," drawn by William T. Horton. It will be of great interest to the public generally, and to children especially.

This firm is also publishing immediately a set of three lithographed drawings, by Will Rothenstein. They are portraits of MM. Rodin, Fantin-Latour and Legros, and were made from sittings given in Paris last year. The drawing of M. Fantin-Latour has a special interest, as it is the only portrait of this distinguished artist that has been executed by a hand other than his own. In form they will be identical with the three drawings of Paul Verlaine, which are now completely out of print.

Arrangements have also been made with Mr. Rothenstein with regard to the publication of a lithographed drawing of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, made in Paris a few months ago. His intimacy with Mr. Beardsley has enabled him to make a remarkable portrait, and so far as can be ascertained no later one exists. Only fifty copies have been printed, and the stone destroyed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

(For This Week's Books see page 602.)

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

VERSE.

Habitant, The (W. H. Drummond). Putnam.
Shadow of Love (M. Amour). Duckworth. 5s.
Voice of the Spirit, The (2 vols.). Sampson Low.

LITERATURE.

Complete Prose Works (W. Whitman). Putnam. 9s.
Critical Examination of Butler's "Analogy," A (H. Hughes). Kegan Paul. 6s.
Emerson and other Essays (J. J. Chapman). Nutt. 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE.

Complete System of Nursing, A (H. Morten). Sampson Low.
First Stage Magnetism and Electricity, The (R. H. Jude). Clive. 2s.

EDUCATION.

Age of Richelieu, The (A. J. Smith). Black.
L'Avare (Molière). Pitman.
Practical French Grammar (I. Pitman). Pitman. 1s.

TRAVEL.

With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force (E. A. H. Alderson). Methuen. 10s. 6d.

SPORT AND GAMES.

Cricket (R. H. Lytton). Duckworth. 1s. 6d.
Hunting Reminiscences (A. E. Pease). Thacker. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Charles Carroll, The Life of (2 vols.) (K. M. Rowland). Putnam.
Frances E. Willard (F. Wits). Sunday School Union. 1s.
Paul Kruger and his Times (F. R. Statham). Unwin. 7s. 6d.
Student of Nature, A (R. M. Fergusson). Gardner.

FICTION.

Betrothal of James, The (C. Hannan). Bliss, Sands. 3s. 6d.
Boston Neighbours (A. B. Poor). Putnam. 5s.
Champion in the Seventies, A (E. A. Barnett). Heinemann. 6s.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby (E. T. Fowler). Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
Crook of the Bough, The (M. M. Dowie). Methuen. 6s.
Das Ende Vom Lied (K. Telmann). Reissner.
Difficult Matter, A (Mrs. L. Cameron). Long. 6s.
Excellent Lady Kyrius, The. Gardner, Darton. 2s. 6d.
Fire of Life, The (C. K. Burrow). Duckworth. 6s.
Indiscretions of Lady Asenath, The (B. Thompson). Innes. 6s.
Lorraine (R. W. Chambers). Putnam. 6s.
Miss Erin (M. E. Francis). Methuen.
Rascal Club, The (J. Chambers). Neely.
Spectre Gold (Headon Hill). Cassell. 6s.
Victor Serenus (Henry Wood). Gay & Bird. 6s.
Where the Trade-wind Blows (Mrs. S. Crowninshield). Macmillan. 6s.
With Bought Swords (H. Fowler). Long. 3s. 6d.

TRANSLATIONS.

Alps and Pyrenees, The (Victor Hugo). Bliss, Sands. 7s. 6d.
Electro-Physiology (W. Biedermann) (Vol. II.). Macmillan. 17s.
First Philosophers of Greece, The (A. Fairbanks). Kegan Paul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Calendar, 1898, of the Royal University of Ireland. Longmans.
Dictionary of English Book-Collectors (Part II.). Quaritch. 1s. 6d.
Golfing Pilgrim, The (H. G. Hutchinson). Methuen. 6s.
History of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (Allen & E. McClure). S.P.C.K.
Holy Bible, The (Vol. VIII.) (J. W. Mackail). Macmillan. 5s.
Idle Hours in a Library (W. H. Hudson). Doxey.
Légendes et Archives de la Bastille (F. Funck-Brentano). Hatchette.
Literary Statesmen and others (N. Hoggood). Duckworth. 6s.
Political Economy, The Science of (H. George). Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.
Royal Navy List (F. Lean). Witherby.
Wound Dresser, The (W. Whitman). Putnam. 5s.

REPRINTS.

Art of England, The (J. Ruskin). Allen. 5s.
Beautiful Joe (M. Saunders). Jarrold. 2s.
Christian Year, The (J. Keble). Methuen. 2s.
Cid Ballads, The (J. Y. Gibson). Kegan Paul. 12s.
Convict 99 (M. C. and R. Leighton). Richards. 3s. 6d.
Habitant, The (W. H. Drummond). Putnam. 12s. 6d.
Hamlet (W. Shakespeare). Bliss Sands.
Letters addressed to A. P. Watt. Watt.
Lives of the Saints, The (S. Baring-Gould), (Vol. XI. and XII.). Nimmo.
Poetical Works of John Keats, The (edited by H. B. Forman). Gibbings. 8s.
Spectator, The (Vol. VI.) (edited by G. A. Aitken). Nimmo.
Vaussore (edited by F. Brune). Methuen. 6s.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

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"230 CLAIMS. Abercorn District.—From the great value of your properties here, combined with exceptional facilities for cheap working, you should have no difficulty in making a substantial return to the shareholders of your Company at no distant date. I may say that if your properties turn out at all as they promise, your holding in this district alone will return your capital several times over. The Alliance, the Joker, the Right and Left Bower, the Amazon, not to speak of the others, are all of such a promising character that the future prospects of the Company are very bright indeed.

"300 CLAIMS. Umfuli District.—What I have said of the Abercorn District I may also say of this, that your holdings are of an exceptionally high character and value, especially those in the Umniati Division, where most of the development work has been done, and where you have ten reefs, all showing large old workings. and the reef cut rich in several of them at varying depths from surface to 30 to 70 feet vertical. Reefs have been proved from 2 to 5 feet thick, and assaying from 10 dwts. to 3 oz. right across the entire width. Some of the largest and best of the old workings remain still to be bottomed, and when this has been done I anticipate further favourable results.

"370 CLAIMS. Lower Umfuli and Lo Magondi District.—Here, also, you have a very valuable selection of properties, especially those on the Oorungwe River (coal being met within 50 miles of these claims), where the Nova Scotia, 40 claims; California, 30 claims; Oregon, 40 claims (42 feet shaft, 2 feet 9 inches reef, 1 oz.; Washington, 20 claims; and the Nevada, 10 claims; total, 140 claims, within a few hundred yards of each other, form a very remarkable group of reefs, with tremendous old workings on all of them (see map of this ground), workings in comparison with which those on the Umniati River sink into insignificance. On the Nova Scotia Reef there are 2000 feet of old workings, one of which is 900 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 40 feet deep, to the present level of the surface, below the natural surface of the ground, with dumps like small hills on each side. This working is probably over 100 feet deep.

"From the above it will be seen that the majority of the claims of the Excelsior Mines, Limited, are of the most promising character, and I do not hesitate to express my opinion that, with the proposed development work carried out, this Company should soon prove to be one of the most genuine concerns ever brought out in connexion with Rhodesia."

No less than 44 shafts have been sunk on the various properties, varying from 26 feet to 105 feet in depth, cutting the reefs in the majority of cases (see Mr. Meyer's report).

The Memorandum and Articles of Association may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

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